

POEMS.

With a
M A S K E,

B Y

THOMAS CAREW Esq;

One of the Gent. of the privie-
Chamber, and Sewer in Ordina-
ry to His late Majesty.

The Songs were set in Musick by
Mr. HENRY LAWES Gent: of the
Kings Chappell, and one of his late
Majesties Private Musick.

The third Edition revised and enlarged.

LONDON,

Printed for HUMPHREE MOSLEY
and are to be sold at his Shop at the
signe of the Princes Armes in St.
Pauls-Church-yard, 1651.

POEMS

With a

MASK

BY

THOMAS CARBON ELLIS

Of the Privy
Chamber



The 2nd Year
Mr. HANAY
Geor: of the
Kings Chapel, and one of his late
Majesties Private Musick

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POEMS

The Spring.



Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the
Candi's the grass, or casts any ice cream (frost
Vpon the Silver Lake, or Chrystal stream :

But the warm Sun thawes the benumbed Earth,
And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
To the dead Swallow, wakes in hollow tree
The drowfie Cuckow, and the Humble-Bee.
Now doe a quire of chirping Minstrels bring
In triumph to the world, the youthfull Spring.
The vallies, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the comming of the long'd for May.
Now all things smile ; only my Love doth lowre :
Nor hath the scalding Noon-day Sun the power,
To melt that marble yce, which still doth hold
Her heart congeald, and makes her pittie cold,
The Oxe which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely ly

(2)

In open fields ; and love no more is made
By the fire side ; but in the cooler shade
Amintas now doth with his *Cloris* sleep
Vnder a Sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season, only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart *January*.

To A. L.

Perswasions to love.

THinke not, 'cause men flatter say

You are fresh as *April*, sweet as *May*,

Bright as is the Morning star,

That you are so ; or though you are,

Be not therefore proud, and deem

All men unworthy your esteem :

For being so, you lose the pleasure

Of being fair, since that rich treasure

Of rare beauty, and sweet features,

Was bestow'd on you by Nature

To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a sinne

There to be scarce, where shee hath been

So prodigall of her best graces ;

Thus common beauties, and meane faces

Shall have more pastime, and enjoy

The sport you lose by being coy.

Did

Did the thing for which I sue,
 Onely concern my self, not you;
 Were men so fram'd as they alone
 Reap'd all the pleasure, women none,
 Then had you reason to be frank;
 But 'twere a madnesse not to grant
 That which affords (if you consent)
 To you the giver, more content,
 Than me the begger ; Oh then be
 Kind to your self, if not to mee ;
 Starve not your selfe, because you may,
 Thereby make me pine away ;
 Nor let brittle beaurty make
 You your wiser thoughts forsake :
 For that lovely face wil fail ;
 Beautie's sweet, but beantie's frail ;
 Tis sooner past, tis sooner done
 Than Summers rain, or Winters Sun ;
 Most fleeting when it is most deare ;
 Tis gone while wee but say tis here ;
 These curious locks, so aptly twin'd,
 Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
 Will change their abroun hue, and grow
 White, and cold as winters snow.
 That eye which now is Cupid's nest,
 Will prove his grave, and all the rest

Will follow ; in the cheek, chin, nose,
 Nor Lilly shall be found, nor Rose ;
 And what will then become of all
 Those, whom now your servants call ?
 Like Swallows when your summers' done,
 They'l fly, and seek some warmer Sun.
 Then wisely chuse one to your friend,
 Whose love may (when your beauties end)
 Remain still firm : be provident
 And think before the summers spent
 Of following winter ; like the Ant
 In plenty hoord for time of scant,
 Cull out amongst the multitude
 Of Lovers, that seek to intrude
 Into your favour, one that may
 Love for an age, not for a day ;
 One that will quench your youthfull fires,
 And feed in age your hot desires.
 For when the storms of time have mov'd
 Waves on that cheek which was belov'd,
 When a faire Ladies face is pin'd,
 And yellow spred where red once shin'd,
 When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
 Love may return, but Lover never :
 And old folkes say there are no paines
 Like itch of love in aged veines.

Oh love me then, and now begin it,
 Let us not lose this present minute;
 For time and age will work their wrack
 Which time or age shall ne'r call back.
 The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
 And Eagles change their aged plumes;
 The faded Rose each Spring receives
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
 But if your beauties once decay,
 You never know a second May.
 Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
 Affords you dayes for sport, doe reason;
 Spend not in vain your lives short hour,
 But crop in time your beauties flower;
 Which will away, and doth together
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

Lips and Eyes.

IN *Celia's* face a question did arise
 Which were more beautifull, her Lips or Eyes:
 Wee (said the Eyes) send forth those poynted darts
 Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.
 From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed those blisses,
 Which Lovers reap by kind words, and sweet kisses.

Then wept the Eyes; and from their Springs did pour
 Of liquid orientall pearl a showre;
 Whereat the Lips mov'd with delight and pleasure,
 Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearle treasure;
 And bade Love judge, whether did adde more grace,
 Weeping, or smiling, pearles in *cells* face.

A Divine Mistress.

IN Natures peeces still I see
 Some errour, that might mended be;
 Something my wish could still remove,
 Alter or adde; but my fair Love
 Was fram'd by hands farr more divine;
 For shee hath every beauncous line;
 Yet I had been farr happier
 Had Nature that made me, made her;
 Then likenesse might (that love creates)
 Have made her love what now she hates;
 Yet I confesse I cannot spare,
 From her just shape the smallest haire;
 Nor need I beg from all the store
 Of heaven, for her one beauty more:
 Shee hath too much divinity for me,
 You gods teach her some more humanity.

(7)

SONG.

A Beautifull Mistris.

IF when the sun at noone displays
His brighter rays,
Thou but appear'st,
He then all pale with shame and fear,
Quencheth his light,
Hides his dark brow, fyes from thy sight,
And growes more dim,
Compar'd to thee, than stars to him,
If thou but shew thy face again,
When darknesse doth at midnight raigh,
The darknesse fyes, and light is hur'd,
Round about the silent world:
So as alike thou driv'st away,
Both light and darknesse, night and day.

A Cruell Mistris.

WEE read of Kings, and Gods, that kindly mock:
A pitcher filld with water from the Brook,
But I have daily rendred without thanks
Rivers of teares that over-flow their banks.

A slaughter'd Bull will appease angry Iove,
 A Horse the Sun, a Lamb the God of love:
 But she disdaines the spotless sacrifice
 Of a pure heart, that at her altar lyes,
 Vesta is not displeas'd if her chaste urn
 Doe with repayr'd fuel ever burn;
 But my Saint frowns, though to her honour'd name
 I consecrate a never-dying flame.
 Th' Assyrian King did none in th' furnace throw,
 But those that to his Image did not bow;
 With bended knees I daily worship her
 Yet she consumes her own idolater.
 Of such a Goddess no times leave record,
 That burnt the Temple, where she was ador'd.

SONG.

Murdring Beauty.

I'L gaze no more on her bewitching face,
 Since ruine barboours there in every place:

For my enchanted soul alike she drowns
 With calmes and tempests of her smiles and frowns.

I'L love no more those cruell eyes of hers,
 Which pleas'd, or anger'd, still are Murderers:

For if she dart (like lightning) through the ayre
 Her beames of wrath, she kills me with despair;

If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
 I safet with the neede of joy, and dye.

*My mistress commanding Me to
 return her letters.*

SO grieues th'adventrous Merchant, when he throws
 All the long-toyld-for treasure his ship flows
 Into the angry main, to save from wrack
 Himself and men; as I grieve to give back
 These letters: yet so powerfull is your sway,
 As if you bid me die, I must obey.
 Goe then blest papers, you shall kiss those hands
 That gave you freedom, but hold me in bands
 Which with a touch did give you life, but I
 Because I may not touch those hands, must die.
 Me thinks, as if they knew they should be sent
 Home to their native soile from banishment,
 I see them smile, like dying Saints, that know
 They are to leave the earth, and tow'rd heaven goe.
 When you return, pray tell your Sovereign,
 And mine, I gave you courteous entertain
 Each line receiv'd a tear, and then a kiss,
 First bath'd in that, it scap'd unscorch'd from this:
 I kist it, because your hand had been there,
 But 'cause it was not now, I shed a tear.

Tell

Tell her no length of time, nor change of ay,
 No civility, disdain, absence, despair,
 No nor her steadfast constancie can desert
 My vassall heart from ever hon'ring her.
 Though these be powerfull arguments to prove
 I love in vaine ; yet I must ever love.
 Say if she frown when you that word rehearse,
 Service in prose, is oft call'd love in verse :
 Then pray her, since I send back on my part
 Her papers, she will send me back my heart.
 If she refuse, warn her to come before
 The God of Love, whom thus I will implore.
 Trav'ling thy Countries road (great God) I spied
 By chance this Lady, and walk'd by her side
 From place to place, fearing no violence,
 For I was well arm'd, and had made defence
 In former fights, gainst fiercer foes, than shee
 Did at our first encounter seeme to bee
 But going farther, every step reveal'd
 Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
 Seeing those outward armes, I did begin
 To fear, some greater strength was lodg'd within,
 Looking unto her mind, I might survey
 An host of beauries that in ambush lay ;
 And won the day before they fought the field:
 For I unable to resist, did yeeld,
 But

But the insulting tyrant so destroys
 My conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace, my joys;
 Breaks my sweet sleeps, invades my harmless rest,
 Robs mee of all the treasure of my breast;
 Spares not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong;
 For having stoln my heart, she binds my tongue.
 But at the last her melting eyes unseal'd
 My lips, enlarg'd my tongue, then I reveal'd
 To her own ears the story of my harms
 Wrought by her vertues, and her beauties charms.
 Now heare (Iust Iudge) an act of savagenesse;
 When I complain in hope to find redresse,
 She bends her angry brow, and from her eye
 Shoots thousand darts, I then well hop'd to die;
 But in such soveraign balm, Love dips his shot,
 That though they wound a heart, they kill it not;
 Shee saw the blood gush forth from many a wound,
 Yet fled, and left mee bleeding on the ground,
 Nor sought my cure, nor saw the line; 'tis true,
 Absence, and time, (two cunning Lucches) drew
 The flesh together, yet sure though the skin
 Be clos'd without, the wound festers within;
 Thus hath this cruel Lady us'd a true
 Servant, and subject to her self, and you;
 Nor know I (great Love) if my life be long
 To shew thy mercy, or my punishment;

Since

If this enditement fright her, so as shee
 Seem willing to return my heart to mee,
 But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
 'Mongst other trifling hearts, be out o'th' way)
 If shee repent, and would make me amends,
 Bid her but send me hers, and wee are friends.

Secrefie protested.

Fear not (dear Love) that I'll reveal
 Those houres of pleasure we two steal;
 No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
 Descry, what thou and I have done;
 No ear shall hear our love, but wee
 Silent as the night will be;
 The God of love himself (whose dart
 Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
 Shall never know, that we can tell,
 What sweets in stoln embraces dwell;
 This only meanes may find it out,
 If when I dy, Physicians doubt
 What caus'd my death, and there to view
 Of all their judgements which was true,
 Rip up my heart, O then I fear I shall
 The world will see thy picture there,

A prayer to the Wind.

Goe thou gentle whispering Wind;
 Bear this sigh; and if thou find
 Where my cruell fair doth rest
 Cast it in her snowe breast,
 So, enflam'd by my desire,
 It may set her heart a-fire;
 Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,
 Will reward thee for thy pain.
 Boldly light upon her lip;
 There suck odours, and thence skip
 To her bosome, lastly fall
 Down, and wander over all;
 Range about those I vorie hills
 From whose every part distills
 Amber dew; there spices grow,
 There pure streames of Nectar flow;
 There perfume thy self, and bring
 All those sweets upon thy wing:
 As thou return'st, change by thy power
 Every weed into a flower;
 Turn each Thistle to a Vine,
 Make the Bramble Eglantine,
 For so rich a bootie made,
 Doe but this, and I am paid.

Thou canst with thy powerfull blast;
 Heat space, and coole as fast;
 Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
 And agen destroy the same;
 Then for pity, either stir
 Vp the fire of love in her,
 That alike both flames may shine,
 Or else quite extinguish mine.

Mediocrity in love rejected.

SONG.

Give me more Love, or more Disdain,
 The Torrid, or the Frozen Zone;
 Bring equall ease unto my paine;
 The Temperate affords me none;
 Either extreme, of Love, or Hate,
 Is sweeter than a calme estate,
 Give me a storme; if it be Love;
 Like Danac in that golden bow,
 I swim in pleasure; if it prove
 Disdain, that Torrent will doe more
 My Vulture hopes; and let's possess
 Of Heaven, that's but from Hell releas:
 Then crown my joyes, or cure my pain;
 Give me more Love, or more Love Disdain.

SONG.

Good counsell to a young Maid:

GAre not on thy beauties pride,
Tender Maid, in the false tide
That from Lovers eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithfull Chryſtall ſhow,
How thy colours come, and goe,
Beautie takes a foyle from mee.

Love, that in thoſe ſmooth ſtreames lies;
Vnder pitties faire diſguiſe,
Will thy melting heart ſurprize.

Nets, of paſſions ſoft ſtred,
Snaring Poems, will be ſped,
All, to catch thy maiden-head.

Then beware, for thoſe that cure
Loves diſeaſe, themſelves endure
For reward a Calcuture.

Rather let the Lover pine,
Than his pale cheek ſhould aſſigne
A perpetual bluſh to rhime.

*TO my Mistress sitting by a Rivers side.**AN EDDY.*

Mark how yond Eddy steals away,
 From the rude stream into the Bay,
 There lock'd up safe, she doth divorce
 Her waters from the chanel's course,
 And scorns the Torrent, that did bring
 Her head long from her native spring.
 Now doth she with her new love play,
 Whilst hee runs murmuring away.
 Mark how shee courts the banks, whilst they
 As amorously their arms display,
 T' embrace, and clip her silver waves :
 See how shee strokes their sides, and craves
 An entrance there, which they deny ;
 Whereat shee frowns, threatening to fly
 Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
 Backward, but from the chanel's brim,
 Smiling, returns into the creek,
 With thousand dimples on her cheek.
 Be thou this Eddy, and I'll make
 My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take

Secure

Secure repose, and never dream
 Of the quite forsaken stream :
 Let him to the wide O cean haste,
 There lose his colour, name, and taste ;
 Thou shalt save all, and safe from him,
 Within these arms for ever swim.

SONG.

Conquest by flight.

Ladies, fly from Love's smooth tale,
 Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail ;
 Grief is infectious, and the ayre
 Enflam'd with sighes, will blast the fayre ;
 Then stop your cares, when Lovers cry,
 Lest your self weep, when no soft eye
 Shall with a sorrowing tear repay
 That pittie which you cast away.

Young men fly, when beauty darts
 Amorous glances at your hearts :
 The fixt mark gives the shooter aim ;
 And Ladies looks have power to mayn ;
 Now'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
 Wrapt in a smile, or kisse, Love lyes ;
 Then fly betimes, for only they
 Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

To my inconstant Mistress.

When thou, poore excommunicate
 From all the joyes of Love, shalt see
 The full reward, and glorious fate,
 Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
 Then curse thine owne inconstancy.

A sayer band than thine, shall cure
 That heart, which thy false oathes did wound ;
 And to my soul, a soul more pure
 Than thine, shall by Loves hand be bound,
 And both with equal glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou weepe, entreat, complain
 To Love, as I did once to thee ;
 When all thy teares shall be as vain
 As mine were then, for thou shalt bee
 Damn'd for thy false Apostasy,

(19)
SONG

Perswasions to enjoy.

IF the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must dye ;
If every sweet, and every grace,
Must fly from that forsaken face :

Then (Celia) let us reap our joyes,
E'r time such goodly fruit destroyes.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow ;
If those bright Suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade ;
Then feare not (Celia) to bestow,
What still being gather'd still must grow.

Thus, either Time his Sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

A deposition from love.

I Was foretold, your rebell sex,
Nor love, nor pittie knew ;
And with what scorn you use to vex
Poor hearts that humbly sue ;

Yet

Yet I believ'd, to crown our pain,
 Could we the fortress win,
 The happy Lover sure should gain
 A Paradise within :
 I thought Loves plagues, like Dragons fate,
 Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
 What happy Lovers prove;
 For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
 And taste those sweets of love ;
 Which had they but a lasting state,
 Or if in *Celia's* breast
 The force of love might not abate,
Love were too mean a guest,
 But now her breach of faith, farre more
 Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

Hard fate ! to have been once posselt,
 As victor, of a heart
 Atchiev'd with labour, and unrest,
 And then forc'd to depart.
 If the stout Foe will not resigne
 When I besiege a Town,
 I lose, but what was never mine ;
 | But he that is cast down

From

From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe,
Only deposed Kings can know.

Ingratefull beauty threatned,

K Now *Celia*, (since thou art so proud,) 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown :

Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd

Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,

Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,

And with it ympt the wings of fame,

That killing power is none of thine,

I gave it to thy voyce, and eyes :

Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;

Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies ;

Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere

Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,

Lest what I made, I uncreate :

Let fools thy mystique forms adore,

Ile know thee in thy mortall state ;

Wise Poets that wrap'd Truth in tales,

Knew her themselves through all her vailes.

Disdain returned.

Hee that loves a Rosie cheek,
 Or a Corall lip admires,
 Or from Star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuell to mainrain his fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

 But a smooth and stedfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equall love combind,
 Kindle never dying fires.
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.
 No teares, *Celia*, now shall win,
 My resolv'd heart, to return ;
 I have search'd thy soul within,
 And find nought, but pride, and scorn ;
 I have learn'd thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou.
 Some power, in my revenge convey
 That love to her, I cast away.

A Looking-glass.

That flattring Glafs, whose smooth face weares
 Your shadow, which a Sun appeares,
 Was once a river of my teares,

About your cold heart they did make
 A circle, where the brinie lake
 Congeal'd into a crySTALL cake.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
 For fear the native cruelty
 Doom you, as it doth all, to dye.

For fear lest the fair object move
 Your froward heart to fall in love,
 Then you your self my rivall prove.

Look rather on my pale cheeks pin'd,
 There view your beauties, there you'll find
 A fair face, bur a cruell mind.

Be not for ever frozen, coy,
 One beam of love will soon destroy,
 And melt that yce, to fouds of joy.

*An Elegie on the La : P E N : sent to my
Mistress out of France,*

L Et him, who from his tyrant Mistress did
This day receive his cruell doom, forbid
His eyes to weep that loss, and let him here
Open those floud-gates, to bedew this beer ;
So shall those drops, which else would be but brine,
Be turn'd to Manna, falling on her shrine.
Let him, who banisht far from her dear sight
Whom his soul loves, doth in that absence write,
Or lines of passion, or some powerfull charms,
To vent his own grief, or unlock her arms,
Take off his pen, and in sad verse bemone
This generall sorrow, and forget his own ;
So may those Verses live, which else must dye :
For though the Muses give eternity,
When they embalm with verse, yet she could give
Life unto that Muse, by which others live.
Oh pardon me (fair soul) that boldly have
Dropt though but one tear, on thy silent grave ;
And writ on that earth, which such honour had,
To cloath that flesh wherein thy self was clad.
And pardon me (sweet Saint) whom I adore,
That I this tribute pay out of the store

Of lines, and pears, thats only due to thee ;
 Oh, doe not think it new Idolatry ;
 Though you are only soveraign of this Land,
 Yet universall losses may command
 A subsidie from every private eye,
 And press each pen to write, so to supply,
 And feed the common grief ; if this excuse
 Prevail not, take these tears to your own use,
 As shed for you ; for when I saw her dye,
 I then did think on your mortality ;
 For since nor vertue, witt, nor beauty, could
 Preserve from Death's hand, this their heavenly mould ;
 Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt,
 I then knew you must dye too, and did melt
 Into these tears ; but thinking on that day,
 And when the gods resolv'd to take away
 A Saint from us, I that did know what dearth
 There was of such good souls upon the earth,
 Began to fear lest Death, their Officer,
 Might have mistook, and taken thee for her ;
 So had'st thou rob'd us of that happiness
 Which she in heaven, and I in thee possess.
 But what can heaven to her glory adde ?
 The prayses she hath dead, living she had.
 To say she's now an Angell, is no more
 Praise than she had, for shee was one before ;
 Which

Which of the Saints can shew more voraries
 Than shee had here ? even those that did despise
 The Angels, and may her now she is one,
 Did, whilst she liv'd, with pure devotion
 Adore, and worship her ; her vertues had
 All honour here, for this world was too bad
 To hate, or envy her ; these cannot rise
 So high, as to repine at Deities :
 But now she's 'mongst her fellow Saints, they may
 Be good enough to envy her, this way
 There's loss i'th' change 'twixt heav'n and earth, if she
 Should leave her servants here below, to be
 Hated of her competitors above ;
 But sure her matchlesse goodness needs must move
 Those blest soules to admire her excellence ;
 By this meanes only can her journey hence
 To heaven prove gain, if as she was but here,
 Worship'd by men, she be by Angels there.
 But I must weep no more over this urn
 My teares to their own chanell must return ;
 And having ended these sad obsequies,
 My Muse must back to her old exercise,
 To tell the story of my martyrdom.
 But oh thou Idoll of my soul, become
 Once pitiful, that she may change her stile,
 Dry up her blubbred eyes, and learn to smile.

Rest

Rest then blest soul ; for as ghosts fly away,
 When the shrill Cock proclames the infant-day ;
 So must I hence, for loe I see from farre,
 The minions of the Muses coming are,
 Each of them bringing to thy sacred Herse,
 In eithr eye a tear, each hand a Verse.

To my Mistris in absence.

THough I must live here, and by force
 Of your command suffer divorce ;
 Though I am parted, yet my mind,
 (That's more my self) still stayes behind ;
 I breath in you, you keep my heart ;
 'Twas but a carkasse that did part.
 Then though our bodies are dis-joynd,
 As things that are to place confin'd ;
 Yet let our boundless spirits meet,
 And in loves sphere each other greet ;
 There let us work a mystique wreath,
 Vnknown unto the world beneath ;
 There let our claspt loves sweetly twine ;
 There let our secret thoughts unseen,
 Like nets be weav'd, and inter-twin'd,
 Wherewith wee catch each others mind :

There

There whilst our souls doe sit and kiss,
 Tasting a sweet, and subtle bliss,
 (Such as gross lovers cannot know,
 Whose hands, and lips, meet here below;)
 Let us look down, and mark what pain
 Our absent bodies here sustain,
 And smile to see how far away
 The one doth from the other stray ;
 Yet burn, and languish with desire
 To joyn, and quench their mutuall fire
 There let us joy to see from farre,
 Our emulous flames at loving warre,
 Whilst both with equall luster shine,
 Mine bright as yours, yours bright, as mine.
 There seated in those heavenly bowers,
 Wee'l cheat the lag, and lingring houres,
 Making our bitter absence sweet,
 Till souls, and bodies both, may meet,

To her in absence.

A S H I P.

TOst in a troubled sea of griefe, I float
 Far from the shore, in a storm-beaten boat,
 Where my sad thoughts doe (like the compass) show
 The severall points from which cross winds do blow.
My

My heart doth like the needle toucht with love,
 Still fixt on you, point which way I would move.
 You are the bright Pole-star, which in the dark
 Of this long absence, guides my wandring bark.
 Love is the Pilot, but o'r-come with fear
 Of your displeasure, dares not home-wards steer;
 My fearfull hope hangs on my trembling sayl;
 Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale,
 Which pleasant breath must blow from your sweet lip.
 Bid it but move, and quick as thought, this Ship
 Into your armes, which are my port, will flye,
 Where it for ever shall at Anchor lye.

SONG.

Eternity of Love protested.

How ill doth he deserve a Lovers name,
 whose pale weak flame
 Cannot retain

His heat in spight of absence or disdain;
 But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
 Burn and expire;

True love can never change his seat,
 Nor did he ever love, that could retreat.

Thac.

That noble flame, which my brest keeps alive,
 Shall still survive,
 When my soule's fled;
 Nor shall my love's eye, when my body's dead,
 That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
 And never fade
 My very ashes in their urn,
 Shall, like a hallowed Lamp, for ever burn.

*Vpon some alterations in my Mistresse,
 after my departure into France.*

OH gentle Love, doe not forsake the guide
 Of my frail Bark, on which the swelling tide
 Of ruthlesse pride
 Doth bear, and threaten wrack from every side.
 Gulfes of disdain doe gape to overwhelm
 This boar, nigh sunk with grief, whilst at the helm
 Dispaire commands;
 And found about, the shifting sands
 Of faithlesse love, and false inconstancy,
 With rocks of cruelty,
 Stop up my passage to the neighbours Lands.

My sighs have rais'd those winds, whose fury bears
My sayls o'r-board, and in their place spreads tears;

And from my tears
This sea is sprung, where nought but Death appears;
A mystic cloud of anger hides the light
Of my fair star, and every where black night

Vsurpes the place
Of those bright rayes, which once did grace
My forth-bound Ship, but when it could no more
Behold the vanish shore,
In the deep flood she drown'd her beamy face.

*Good counsell to a young
Maid.*

When you the Sun-burnt Pilgrim see,
Faincing with thirst, haste to the springs;
Mark how at first with bended knee
He courts the crysall Nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where He
Prostrate, adores the flowing Deitie.
But when this sweary face is drencht
In her cool waves, when from her sweet
Bosome his burning thirst is quencht;
Then mark how with disdainfull feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresh't him, moves with sullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, fair Maid,
 When by the sated lover tasted ;
 What first he did with tears invade,
 Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted ;
 When all thy Virgin- springs grow dry,
 When no streams shall be left, but in thine eye.

Celia bleeding, to the Surgeon

Fond man, that canst beleave her blood
 Will from those purple chanel's flow ;
 Or that the pure untainted flood,
 Can any foul distemper know ;
 Or that thy weak steel can incize
 The CrySTALL case, wherein it lyes.

Know ; her quick blood, proud of his scar,
 Runs dancing through her azure veins ;
 Whose harmony no cold, nor heat
 Disturbs, whose hue not inſure ſtains ;
 And the hard rock wherein it dwels,
 The keenest darts of Love repels.

But thou reply'ſt, behold ſhe bleeds ;
 Fool, thou'rt deceiv'd, and doſt not know
 The myſtique knot whence this proceeds,
 How Lovers in each other grow ;

Thou

Thou struckst her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

*To T. H. a Lady resembling
my Mistresse.*

Faire copie of my *Celia's* face,
Twin of my soul, thy perfect graec
Clayms in my love an equall place.

Disdain not a divided heart,
Though all be hers, you shall have part ;
Love is not ty'd to rules of art.

For as my soul first to her flew,
Yet stay'd with me ; so now 'tis true
It dwels with her, though fled to you

Then entertain this wandring guest,
And if not love, allow it rest ;
It left not, but mistook the nest.

Nor think my love, or your fair eyes
Cheaper, 'cause from the sympathize
You hold with her, these flames arise.

To Lead, or Brass, or some such bad
Metall, a Princes stamp may adde
That vauw, which it never had.

But to the pure refined Ore,
The stamp of Kings imparts no more
Worth; than the metall held before.

Only the Image gives the rate
To Subjects, in a forrain State
Tis priz'd as much for its owne weight.

So though all other hearts resigne
To your pure worth, yet you have mine
Only because you are her coyn.

To Saxham

Though frost, and snow, lock'd from mine eyes
That beauty which without dore lyes,
The gardens, orchards, walks, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know;
Yet (*Saxham*) thou within thy gate,
Art of thy self so delicate,
So full of native sweets, that bless
Thy roof with inward happiness;

As

As neither from, nor to thy store,
 Winter takes ought, or Spring adds more,
 The cold and frozen ayr had sterv'd
 Much poore, if not by thee preserv'd;
 Whose prayers have made thy Table blest
 With plenty, far above the rest.
 The season hardly did afford
 Corse cates unto thy neighbours board,
 Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
 Had only been thy Volarie;
 Or else the birds, fearing the snow
 Might to another deluge grow,
 The Pheasant, Partridge, and the Lark,
 Flew to thy house, as to the Ark.
 The willing Oxe, of himself came
 Home to the slaughter, with the Lamb,
 And every beast did thither bring
 Himself, to be an offering.
 The scalie herd, more pleasure took
 Bath'd in thy dish, than in the brook.
 Water, Earth, Ayre, did all conspire,
 To pay their tributes to thy fire,
 Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
 Through every room, where they deride
 The night, and cold abroad; whilst they
 Like Suns within, keep endlesse day.

Those chearfull beams send forth their light,
 To all that wander in the night,
 And seem to becken from aloof,
 The weary Pilgrim to thy roof;
 Where if refresh't, he will away,
 He's fairly welcome, or if stay
 Far more, which he shall hearty find,
 Both from the master, and the Hind.
 The stranger's welcome, each man there
 Stamp'd on his chearfull brow, doth wear;
 Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer
 Grow lesse, cause he stayes longer here.
 There's none observes (much less repines)
 How often this man sups or dines.
 Thou hast no Porter at the door
 T'examin, or keep back the poor;
 Nor locks, nor bolts; thy gates have been
 Made only to let strangers in;
 Untaught to shut, they doe not fear
 To stand wide open all the year;
 Careless who enters, for they know,
 Thou never didst deserve a foe;
 And as for theeves, thy bounti's such,
 They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much.

Vpon a Ribband.

THis filken wreath, which circles in mine arm,
 Is but an Emblem of that mystique charm,
 Wherewith the magique of your beauties binds
 My captive soul, and round about it winds
 Fetters of lasting love ; This hath intwin'd
 My flesh alone, that hath empal'd my mind :
 Time may wear out These soft weak bands ; but Those
 Strong cheins of brass, Fate shall not discompose.
 This only relique may preserve my wrist,
 But my whole frame doth by That power subsist :
 To That my prayers and sacrifice, to This *
 I only pay a superstitious kiss :
 This but the Idoll, That's the Deitie ;
 Religion There is due, Here ceremonie. ¶
 That I receive by faith, This but in trust ;
 Here I may tender dutie, There I must :
 This order as a Lay-man I may bear,
 But I become Loves Priest when That I wear.
 This moves like ayr, That as the Center stands ;
 That knot your vertue tyde, This but your hands ;
 That Nature fram'd, but This was made by Art ;
 This makes my arm your prisoner, That my heart.

*To the King at his entrance into Sax-
ham, by Master Io: Crofts.*

SI R
Ere you passe this threshold, stay,
And give your Creature leave to pay
Those pious rites, which unto you,
As to our household Gods, are due.

In stead of sacrifice, each brest
Is like a flaming Altar drest
With zealous fires, which from hure hearts
Love mixt with Loyalty imparts.

Incense, nor gold have we, yet bring
As rich, and sweet an offering;
And such as doth both these expresse,
Which is our humble thankfulness;
By which is paid the All we owe
To gods above, or men below.
The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed
The hungry flames, we, for pure need,
Dress for your supper, and the gore
Which should be dasht on every dore,
We change into the lusty blood
Of youthfull Vines, of which a flood
Shall sprightly run through all your veines,
First to your health, then your fair traines.

We shall want nothing but good fare,
 To shew your welcome, and our care;
 Such rarities that come from farre,
 From poore mens houses banishd are;
 Yet wee'l expresse in homely chear,
 How glad we are to see you here.
 Wee'l have what e'r the season yeelds,
 Out of the neighbouring woods, and fields;
 For all the dainties of your board,
 Will only be what those afford;
 And having supd, we may perthance
 Present you with a countrey dance.

Thus much your servants, that bear sway
 Here in your absence, bade me say,
 And beg besides, you'd hither bring
 Only the Mercy of a King,
 And not the Greatnesse; since they have
 A thousand faults must pardon crave;
 But nothing that is fit to wait
 Vpon the glory of your state.
 Yet your gracious favour will,
 They hope, as heretofore, shine still
 On their endeavours, for they swore
 Should *love* descend, they could no more.

Vpon the sickness of (E. S.)

Must she then languish, and we sorrow thus;
 And no kind God help her, nor pity us?
 Is justice fled from heaven? can that permit
 A foul deformed ravisher to sit
 Upon her Virgin cheek, and pull from thence
 The Rose-buds in their maiden excellence?
 To spread cold paleness on her lips, and chase
 The frighted Rubies from their native place?
 To lick up with his searching flames, a flood
 Of dissolv'd Corall, flowing in her blood;
 And with the damps of his infectious breath,
 Print on her-brow moist characters of death?
 Must the clear light, gainst course of nature cease
 In her fair eyes, and yet the flames encrease?
 Must feavers shake this goodly tree, and all
 That ripened fruit from the fair branches fall,
 Which Prince's have desir'd to taste? must shee
 Who hath preserv'd her spotless chastity
 From all solicitation, now at last
 By Agues, and diseases be embrac'd?
 Forbid it holy *Dian*; else who shall
 Pay vowes, or let one grain of Incense fall

On thy neglected Altars, if thou bleſs
 No better this thy zealous Votareſſe?
 Haſte then, O maiden Goddeſſe, to her ayd,
 Let on thy quiver her pale cheek be laid;
 And rock her fainting body in thine arms;
 Then let the God of Muſick, with ſtill charms
 Her reſtleſſe eyes in peacefull ſlumbers cloſe,
 And with ſoft ſtrains ſweeten her calm repoſe,
Cupid deſcend; and whiſt *Apollo* ſings,
 Fanning the cool ayr with thy panting wings
 Ever ſupply her with reſreſhing wind;
 Let thy fair mother, with her trefſes bind
 Her labouring temples, with whoſe balmy ſweat,
 She ſhall preſume her hairie Coronet,
 Whoſe precious drops, ſhall upon every fold
 Hang, like rich Pearls about a wreath of gold:
 Her looſer locks, as they unbraded lye,
 Shall ſpread themſelves into a Canopie,
 Under whoſe ſhadow let her reſt ſecure
 From chilling cold, or burning Calenture;
 Vnleſſe ſhe freeze with yce of chaſtity deſires,
 Only holy *Hymen* kindle nuptiall fires.
 And when at laſt Death comes to pierce her heart,
 Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

*A New-yeares sacrifice.**To Lucinda.*

THose that can give, open their hands this day,
 Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray ;
 That health may crown the seasons of this year,
 And mirth dance round the circle, that no tear
 (Vnlessof Ioy) may with its briny dew,
 Discolour on your cheek the rosie hue ;
 That no accessse of years presume to abate,
 Your beauties ever-flourishing estate :
 Such cheap and vulgar wishes, I could lay,
 As triviall offerings at your feet this day ;
 But that it were Apostasie in me,
 To send a prayer to any Deitie
 But your divine self, who have power to give
 Those blessings unto others, such as live
 Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
 Whose fair aspects govern our destinies.

Such Incense, vov'es, and holy rites, as were
 To the involved Serpent of the yeare,
 Paid by Egyptian Priests, lay I before
Lucinda's sacred shrine, whilst I adore
 Her beauteous eyes, and her pure Altars dress ;
 With gums and spice of humble Thankfulness ;

So may my Goddess from her heaven inspire
 My frozen bosome with a Delphique fire,
 And then the world shall by that glorious flame,
 Behold the blaze of thy immortall name.

SONG.

To one, who when I prais'd my
 Mistris beauty, said
 I was blind.

VV Under not though I am blind,
 For you must be

Dark in your eyes, or in your mind,

If when you see

Her face, you prove not blind like me;

If the powerfull beams that fly

From her eye

And those amorous sweets that lye

Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,

Find a passage to your heart,

Then you't confess your mortall sight

Too weak for such a glorious light:

For if her graces you discover,

You grow like me a dazel'd Lover;

But if those beauties you not spy,

Then are you blinder farre than I.

SONG.

To my Mistris, I burning in love.

I Burn, and cruell you, in vain
 Hope to quench me with disdain;
 If from your eyes, those sparkles came,
 That have kindled all this flame,
 What boots it me, though now you shrowd
 Those fierce Comets in a cloud?
 Since all the flames that I have felt,
 Could your snow yet never melt,
 Nor, can your snow (though you should take
 Alps into your bosome) slake
 The heat of my enamour'd heart;
 But with wonder learn Loves arts,
 No seas of yce can cool desire,
 Equall flames must quench Loves fire:
 Then think not that my heat can dye
 Tilt you burn as well as I.

SONG.

To her again, she burning in a Feaver.

Now she burns as well as I,
 Yet my heat can never dye;

she

She burns that never knew desire,
 She that was yce, she that was fire.
 She whose cold heart, chaste thoughts did arm
 So, as Loves flames could never warm
 The frozen bosome where it dwelt,
 She burns, and all her beauties mild:
 She burnes, and cries, Loves fires are melt,
 Feavers are Gods, He's a child.
 Love; let her know the difference
 Twixt the heat of soul and sense,
 Touch her with thy flames divine,
 So shalt thou quench her fire, and mine.

Vpon the Kings sicknesse.

Sicknesse, the minister of death, doth lay
 So strong a siege against our brittle clay,
 As whilst it doth our weak forts singly win,
 It hopes at length to take all man-kind in.
 First, it begins upon the womb to wait,
 And doth the unborn child there uncreate;
 Then rocks the cradle where the infant lyes,
 Where ere it fully be alive, it dyes.
 It never leaves fond youth, untill it have
 Found, or an early, or a later grave.

By thousand subtle sleights from heedless man
 It cuts the short allowance of a span ;
 And where both sober life, and art combine
 To keep it out, Age makes them both resign.
 Thus by degrees it only gain'd of late,
 The weak, the aged, or intemperate ;
 But now the Tyrant hath found out a way
 By which the sober, strong, and young, decay,
 Ent'ring his royall limbs that is our head,
 Through us his mystique limbs the pain is spread,
 That man that doth not feel his part, hath none
 In any part of his dominion,
 If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
 And he unfit on any ground to tread.
 This grief is felt at Court, where it doth move
 Through every joynt, like the true soul of love.
 All those fair stars that do attend on Him,
 Whence they deriv'd their light, wax pale and dim.
 That ruddy morning beam of Majestie,
 Which should the Sun's eclipsed light supply,
 Is over-cast with mysts, and in the lieu
 Of cheerefull rayes sends us down drops of dew.
 That curious form made of an earth refin'd,
 At whose blest birth, the gentle Planets shin'd
 With fair aspects, and sent a glorious flame
 To animate so beautifull a frame ;

That

That Darling of the Gods and men, doth wear
 A cloud on's brow, and in his eye a tear:
 And all the rest (save when his dread command
 Doth bid them move) like lifeless statues stand.
 So full a grief, so generally worn,
 Shewes a good King is sick, and good men mourn.

S O N G.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her
 Husband,

Come Celia, fix thine eyes on mine,
 And through those Crystals our souls flitting,
 Shall a pure wreath of eye-beams twine,
 Our loving hearts together knitting.
 Let Eaglets the bright Sun survey,
 Though the blind Mole discern not day.

When clear Aurora leaves her mate,
 The light of her gray eyes despising,
 Yet all the world doth celebrate,
 With sacrifice, her fair up-rising.
 Let Haglets, &c,

A Dragon kept the golden fruit,
 Yet he those dainties never tasted,
 As others pin'd in the pursuit
 So he himself with plenty wasted.
 Let Eaglets, &c.

SONG.

The willing Prisoner to his Mistress.

Let fools great Cupid's yolk disdain,
 Loving their own wild freedom better;
 Whilst proud of my triumphant chain
 I sit, and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
 And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
 As he brings ruin, that repairs
 The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting bals of snow
 With envious veils from my beholding;
 Unlock those lips, their pearly row
 In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
 The restless Fate of every Lover,

Survey the pains my sick heart feels,

And wounds themselves have made discover.

A Fly that flew into my Mistris her eye.

VV Hen this Fly liv'd, she us'd to play
In the Sun-shine all the day; H

Till coming neer my *Celia's* sight,

She found a new, and unknown light,

So full of glory, as it made

The noon-day Sun a gloomy shade;

Then this amorous Fly became

My rivall, and did court my flame

She did from hand to bosome skip,

And from her breath, her cheek and lip

Suck'd all the incense, and the spice,

And grew a bird of Paradise;

At last into her eye she flew,

There scorch'd in flames, and drown'd in dew,

Like *Phaeton* from the Sun's sphere

She fell, and with her dropt a tear,

Of which a pearl was straight compos'd,

Wherein her ashes lye enclos'd.

Thus she receiv'd from *Celia's* eye,

Funcreall flame, tombe Obsequie,

SONG.

Celia singing

Heark how my Celia, with the choyce
 Musick of her hand and voyce
 Stills the loud wind; and makes the wild
 Insenced Bore, and Panther mild:
 Mark how those statues like men move,
 whilst men with wonder statues prove!
 This stiff rock bends to worship her,
 That Idoll turns Idolater.

Now see how all the new inspir'd
 Images, with love are fir'd;
 Heark how the tender Marble grones,
 And all the late-transformed stones,
 court the fayr Nymph with many a tear,
 which she (more stony than they were)
 Beholds with unrelenting mind;
 whilst they amaz'd to see combin'd
 Such matchlesse beauty with disdain,
 Are all turn'd into stones again.

(63)

SONG.

Celia singing.

You that think Love can convey,
No other way;

But through the eyes, into the heart,
His fatal Dart,

Close up those casements, and but bear
This Syren's song,
And on the wing

Of her sweet voice, it shall appear
That Love can enter at the ear:

Then unveil your eyes, behold
The curious mould
Where that voice dwells, and as we know,
When the Cocks crow,
Wee freely may
Gaze on the day:

So may you, when the Musick's done,
Awake and see the rising Sun.

D 3

SONG

(32)

SONG

S O N G

To one that desired to know
my Mistris.

Y

SEEK not to know my love, for she
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me;
Her mild aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a stormy brow:
For if her beauty sure desire
In me, her kisses quench the fire;
Or, I can to Love's fountain go,
Or dwell upon her hills of snow;
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to cool the ayre;
Thou shalt not climbe those Alps, nor spy
Where the sweet springs of Venus lye.
Search bidden nature, and there find
A treasure to enrich thy mind;
Discover Arts not yet revel'd,
But let my Mistris live conceal'd;
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

*In the person of a Lady to her
inconstant servant.*

When on the Altar of my hand,
(Bedew'd with many a kifs, and tear,)

Thy now revolted heart did stand

An humble Martyr, thou didst swear

Thus; (and the God of love did hear,)

By those bright glances of thine eye,

Unlesſ thou pittie me, I dyc.

When firſt thoſe perjur'd lips of thine,

Bepal'd with blaſting ſighes, did ſeal

Their violatèd faith on mine,

From the ſoft boſome that did heal

Thee, thou my melting heart didſt ſteal;

My ſoul enflam'd with thy falſe breath,

Poyſon'd with kiſſes, ſuck'd in death.

Yet I nor hand, nor lip will move,

Revenge, or mercy, to procure

From the offended God of love;

My curſe is fatall, and my pure

Love ſhall beyond thy ſcorn endure:

If I implore the Gods, they'll find

Thee too ingratefull, me too kind.

Truce in Love entreated.

NO more, blind God, for see my heart
 Is made thy Quiver, where remains
 No voyd place for another Dart;
 And alas that conquest gains
 Small prayse, that onely brings away
 A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,
 Defies thy weak Artillery,
 That hath thy Bow and Quiver charm'd,
 A rebell beauty, conquering Thee:
 If thou dar'st equall combat try,
 Wound her, for tis for her I dye.

To my Rivall.

Hence vain Intruder, haste away,
 Wash not with thy unhallowed brine
 The foot-steps of my *Celia's* shrine;
 Nor on her purer Altars lay
 Thy empty words, accents that may
 Some looser Dame to love encline;
 She must have offerings more divine;
 Such pearly drops, as youthfull *May*
 Scatters before the rising day;

Such

Such smooth soft language, as each line
 Might stroak an angry God, or stay
 Love's thunder, make the hearers pine
 With envy; doe this, thou shalt be
 Servant to her, Rivall with me.

Boldnesse in love.

MArk how the bashfull Morn in vain
 Courts the amorous Marigold,
 With sighing blasts, and weeping rain;
 Yet she refuses to unfold;
 But when the Planet of the day,
 Approacheth with his powerfull ray,
 Then she spreads, then she receives
 His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond Boy;
 If thy tears and sighes discover
 Thy grieve, thou never shalt enjoy
 The just reward of a bold Lover:
 But when with moving accents thou
 Shalt constant faith, and service vow,
 Thy *Celia* shall receive those charms
 With open cares, and with unfolded arms,

A Pastorall Dialogue.

Celia. Cleon.

AS *Celia* rested in the shade
 With *Cleon* by her side,
 The Swain thus courted the young Maid,
 And thus the Nymph repli'd

CL.

Sweet! let thy Captive fetters wear
 Made of thine arms, and hands;
 Till such as thralldom scorn, or fear,
 Envie those happy bands.

CE.

Then thus my willing arms I wind
 About thee, and am so
 Thy prisoner; for my self I bind,
 Vntill I let thee go.

CL.

Happy that slave, whom the fair foe
 Tyes in so soft a chain,

CE. Farre happier I, but that I know
 Thou wilt break loose again,

CL.

By thy immortall beauties never.

CE. Frail as thy love's thine oath.

CL. Though

C L. Though beauty fade, my faith lasts ever.

C E. Time will destroy them both.

C L.

I dote not on thy snow-white skin.

C E. What then? C L. Thy purer mind

C E. It lov'd too soon. C L. Thou hadst not been

So fair, if not so kind.

C E.

Oh strange vaine fancy! C L. But yet true.

C E. Prove it. C L. Then make a brade
Of those loose flames that circle you,

My furs, and yet your shade.

C E.

'Tis done. C L. Now give it me. C E. Thus thou

Shall thine own error find,

If these we be beauties, I am now

Less fair, because more kind.

C L.

You shall confess you erre; that hair

Shall it not change the hue,

Or leave the golden mountain bare?

C E. Ay me! it is too true.

C L.

But this small wreath shall ever stay

In its first native prime,

And smiling when the rest decay,

The triumphs sing of time.

C E.

A Pastorall Dialogue.

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In its first native prime,

And smiling when the rest decay,

The triumphs sing of time.

C E.

Then let me cut from thy fair grove,
 One branch, and let that be
 An emblem of eternall love ;
 For such is mine to thee.

C E

Thus are we both redeem'd from time,
 I by thy grace. C L. And I
 Shall live in thy immortall rime,
 Vntill the Muses dye.

By heaven ! C E. Swear not ; if I must weep,
 Ioue shall not smile at me.

This kiss, my heart, and thy faith keep.

C L. This breathes my soul to thee.

Then forth the thicker *Tbrysis* rush'd,

Where he saw all their play :

The swain stood still, and smil'd, and blush'd,

The Nymph fled fast away.

Griefe ingroft.

W Herfore doe thy sad numbers flow
 So full of woe ?

Why dost thou melt in such soft strains,

Whilst she disdain's

If

If She must still deny,
Weep not, but dye,
And in thy Funerall fire,
Shall all her fame expire :

Thus both shall perish, and as thou on thy Hearse
Shalt want her tears, so she shall want thy Verse.

Repine not then at thy blest state,
Thou art above thy fate ;
But my fair *Celia* will not give
Love enough to make me live ;
Nor yet dart from her eye
Scorn enough to make me dye.

Then let me weep alone, till her kind breath,
Or blow my tears away, or speak my death,

A Pastorall Dialogue.

Shepherd, Nymph, Chorus.

Shep. This mossie bank they prest. Ny. That aged oak
Did canopie the happy payr
All night from the damp ayre.

Cho. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shep.

Shep

See love, the blushes of the morn appear
 And now she hangs her pearly store
 (Rob'd from the Easter n shore)
 I'th' Couslips bell, and Roses rare :
 Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

Those streaks of doubtfull light usher not day,
 But shew my sun must set; no Morn
 Shall shine till thou return;
 The yellow Planets, and the gray
 Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way

She

If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
 Their useles shine. *Nymph.* My tears will quite
 Extinguish their faint light.

She. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
 Love's flames will shine in every tear.

cho

They kist, and wept, and from their lips, and eyes,
 In a mixt dew of briny sweet,

Their joys, and sorrows meet ;

But she cries out, *Nymph.* Shepherd arise,
 The Sun betrays us else to spies.

Shep.

The winged houres fly fast, whilst we embrace,
 But when we want their help to meet,
 They move with leaden feet.

Nym.

Nym. Then let us pinion Time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep

Harke : Ny. Aye me stay ! *She.* For ever. *Ny.* No, arise
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spite.

Nym. my soul. *Shep.* My Paradise.

Cho. Neither could say fare- well, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies.

Red and white Roses

Read in these Roses, the sad story
Of my hard fate, and your own glory :

In the White you may discover

The paleness of a fainting Lover ;

In the Red, the flames still feeding

On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.

The White will tell you how I languish,

And the Red expresse my anguish.

The White my innocence displaying,

The Red my martyr'dome betraying:

The frowns that on your brow resided,

Have those Roses thus divided.

Oh let your smiles but clear the weather,

And then they both shall grow together.

*To my Cousin (C. R.) marry-
ing my Lady (A.)*

H Appy Youth, that shalt possess
Such a spring-tyde of delight,
As the sated Appetite
Shall enjoying such excess
With the flood of pleasure less.
When the Hymeneall Rite
Is perform'd, invoke the night,
That it may in shadowes dresse
Thy too reall happines;
Else, (as *Semle*) the bright
Deitie in her full height
May thy feeble soul oppress.
Strong perfumes, and glaring light,
Oft destroy both smell, and sight.

*A Lover upon an Accident necessari-
tating his departure, Con-
sults with reason.*

LOVER.

WEEP not, nor backward turn your beams
Fond eyes; sad sighes lock in your breath;
Left

Left on this wind, or in those streams,

My griev'd soul fly, or sayl to death.

Fortune destroyes me if I stay,

Love kills me if I goe away :

Since Love, and Fortune, both are blind,

Come Reason, and resolve my doubtfull mind.

REASON.

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,

And 'gainst the blinder God rebell,

Thy love- sick heart shall not reside

Where scorn, and selfe-will'd error dwell ;

Where entrance unto Truth is bar'd ;

Where Love and Faith find no reward ;

For, my just hand may sometime move

The wheel of Fortune, not the sphere of Love.

Parting, Celia weeps.

WEep not (my dear) for I shall goe

Loaden enough with mine own woe ;

Add not thy heaviness to mine :

Since Fate our pleasures must dis-joyn,

Why should our sorrowes meet ? if I

Must goe, and lose thy company,

I Wish not theirs ; it shall releve
 My grief, to thinke thou dost not grieve,
 Yet grieve, and weep, that I may beare
 Every sigh, and every tear.
 Away with me, so shall thy brest
 And eyes discharg'd, enjoy their rest.
 And it will glad my heart to see,
 Thou wert thus loath to part with me.

A Rapture.

I Will enjoy thee now my *Celia*, come
 And fly with me to Love's Elizium :
 The Gyant, Honour, that keeps cowards out,
 Is but a Masquer, and the servile rout
 Of baser subjects only bend in vain
 To the vast Idoll, whilst the noble train
 Of valiant Lovers daily sayl between
 The huge Colosses legs, and pass unseen
 Vnto the blisfull shore ; be bold, and wise,
 And we shall enter, the grim Swisse denies
 Only to tame fools a passage, that not know
 He is but form, and only frights in show
 The duller eyes that look from far ; draw neere,
 And thou shalt scorn, what we were wont to fear,
 We shall see how the stalking Pageant goes
 With borrowed legs, a heavy load to those

That

That made, and bear him; not as we once thought
The seed of Gods, but a weak modell wrought
By greedy men, that seek t' enlose the common,
And wishin private arms empty free woman.

Come then, and mounted on the wings of love
Wee'l cut the sitting ayre, and soare above
The Monsters head, and in the noblest seats
Of those blest shades quench and renew our heats
There, shall the Queen of Love, and Innocence,
Beauty and Nature, banish all offence
From our close Ivy twines; there I'll behold
Thy bared snow, and thy unbraded gold;
There, my enfranchis'd handon every side,
Shall o'r thy naked polish'd ivory slide.
No curtain there, though of transparent lawn,
Shall be before thy virgin treasure drawn;
But the rich Mine, to the enquiring eye
Expos'd, shall ready still for mintage lye,
And wee will coyn yong Cupids. There, a bed
Of Roses, and fresh Myrtles, shall be spread
Vnder the cooler shade of Cypresis groves;
Our pillowes, of the down of Venus Doves,
Whereon our panting limbs wee'll gently lay
In the faint respites of our active play;
That so our slumbers may in dreams have his due
To tell the nimble fancie our past pleasure;

And so our souls that cannot be embrac'd,
 Shall the embraces of our bodies taste.
 Mean while the bubling stream shall court the shore,
 Th'enamour'd chirping Wood- quire shall adore
 In varied tunes the Deitie of Love ;
 The gentle blasts of Western winds shall move
 The trembling leaves, and through their close bows
 Still Musick; whilst we rest our selves beneath (breath
 Their dancing shade, till a soft murmur, sent
 From souls entranc'd in amorous languishment,
 Rowze us, and shoot into our veins fresh fire,
 Till wee, in their sweet extasie expire.

Then, as the empty Bee, that lately bore,
 Into the common treasure, all her store,
 Flyes 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
 Desflowring the fresh virgins of the Spring;
 So will I rifle all the sweets that dwell
 In my delicious Paradise, and swell
 My bagge with honey, drawn forth by the power
 Of fervent kisses, from each spicie flower.
 I'l seize the Rose-buds in their perfum'd bed,
 The Violet knots, like curious Mazes spread
 O'r all the Garden, taste the ripened Cherry,
 The warm, firm Apple, tipt with corall berry ;
 Then will I visit, with a wandring kisse,
 The vale of Lillies, and the Bower of blisse ;

And

And where the beautilous Region doth divide
 Into two milky wayes, my lips shall slide
 Down those smooth Allies, wearing as I goe
 A tract for Lovers on the printed snow;
 Thence climbing o'r the swelling *Appenine*,
 Retire into thy grove of *Eglantine*;
 Where I will all those ravish't sweets distill
 Though Loves *Alimbique*, and with *Chimique* skill
 From the mixt mass one soveraign Balm derive,
 Then bring that great Elixar to thy hive.

Now in more subtile wreaths I will entwine,
 My snowie thighes, my legs and armes with thine.
 Thou like a sea of milk shalt lye display'd,
 Whilst I the smooth, calm Ocean, invade
 With such a tempest, as when *Iove* of old
 Fell down on *Danae* in a storm of gold:
 Yet my tall Pine, shall in the Cyprian straight
 Ride safe at Anchor, and unlade her freight;
 My Rudder, with thy bold hand, like a try'd,
 And skilfull Pilot, thou shalt steer and guide
 My Bark into Loves chanell, where it shall
 Dance, as the bounding waves doe rise or fall;
 Then shall thy circling arms, embrace and clip
 My willing body, and thy balmie lip
 Bathe me in iuyce of kisses, whose perfume
 Like a religious incense shall consume,

And send up holy vapours, to those powers
 That bleſſe our loves, and crown our ſportfull houres,
 That with ſuch Halcyon calmneſſe, fix our ſoules
 In ſteadfaſt peace, as no aſſright commoules.
 There, no rude ſounds ſhake us with ſudden ſtarts,
 No jealous cares, when we unrip our hearts,
 Suck our diſcourſe in, no obſerving ſpies
 This bluſh, that glance traduce; no envious eyes
 Watch our cloſe meetings, nor are we betrayd
 To Rivals, by the bribed chamber-maid,
 No wedlock bonds unweath our twiſted loves;
 Wee ſeeke no midnight Arbour, no darke groves
 To hide our kiſſes: there, the hated name
 Of husband, wife, juſt, modeſt, chaſte, or ſhame,
 Are vaine and empty words, whoſe very ſound
 Was never heard in the Elixian ground.
 All things are lawfull there, that may delight
 Nature, or unreſtrained Appetite:
 Like, and enjoy, as will, and act, is one,
 Wee only ſig when Loves rites are not done.
 The Roman *Lupercus* there, reads the diuine
 Lectures of Loves great maſter, *Amor*,
 And knowes as well as *Lais*, how to move
 Her plyant body in the ſoft of love.
 To quench the burning Ravisher, ſhe hurles
 Her limbs into a thouſand winding curls;

And

And studies are full postures, such as be,
 Carv'd on the Bark of every neighbouring tree
 By learned hands, that so adorn'd the rinde,
 Of those faire Plants, which as they lay enwinded,
 Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian Dame,
 That in her endless webb toy'd for a name
 As fruitless as her work, doth there display
 Her self before the Youth of Ithaca,
 And th' amorous sport of gamesome nights prefer,
 Before dull dreams of the lost Traveller.

Daphne hath broke her bark, and that swift foot;
 Which th'an gry Gods had fastned with a root
 To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run,
 To meet th' embraces of the youthfull Sun:
 She hangs upon him, like his Delphique Lyre,
 Her kisses blow the old, and breath new fire;
 Full of her God, she sings inspired Layes,
 Sweet Odes of love, such as deserve the Bayes,
 Which she her selfe was. Next her, *Laura* lyes
 In Petrarchs learned arms, drying those eyes
 That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers flow,
 As made the world enamour'd of his woe.
 These, and ten thousand Beauties more, that dy'd
 Slave to the Tyrant, now enlarg'd, deride
 His cancell'd lawes, and for their time mispent,
 Pay into Loves Exchequer double rent.

Come then my *Celia*, wee'l no more forbear
 To taste our joyes, struck with a Pannique fear,
 But will depose from his imperious sway
 This proud Vsurper, and walke free, as they
 With necks unyoak'd ; nor is it just that He
 Should fetter your soft sex with Chastity,
 Which Nature made unapt for abstinence ;
 When yet this false Impostor can dispence
 With humane Iustice, and with sacred right,
 And maugre both their lawes command me fight
 With Rivals, or with emulous Loves, that dare
 Equall with thine, their Mistres eyes, or hair :
 If thou complain of wrong, and call my sword
 To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
 He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands
 With marks of infamy my coward hands,
 And yet Religion bids from blood-shed fly,
 And damns me for that act. Then tell me why
 This Goblin Honour which the world adores,
 Should make men Atheists, and not women Whores ?

Epitaph on the Lady
Mary Villers.

THe Lady *Mary Villers* lyes
 Vnder this stone ; with weeping eyes

The Parents that first gave her breath,
 And their sad friends, lay'd her in earth;
 If any of them (Reader) were
 Known unto thee, shed a tear;
 Or if thy self possesse a gem,
 As dear to thee, as this to them,
 Though a stranger to this place,
 Bewayl in theirs, thine own hard case;
 For thou perhaps at thy return
 Mayest find thy Darling in a Vrn.

Another.

THe purest Soul that e'r was sent
 Into a clayie tenement
 Inform'd this dust, but the weak mold
 Could the great guest no longer hold,
 The substance was too pure, the flame
 Too glorious that thither came;
 Ten thousand *Cupids* brought along
 A Grace on each wing, that did throng
 For place there, till they all opprest
 The seat in which they sought to rest,
 So the fair Modell broke for want
 Of room to lodge th'Inhabitant.

An Other

THis little Vault, this narrow roome,
 Of Love and Beauty is the tombe;
 The dawning beam that gan to cleare
 Our clouded sky, lyes darkened here,
 For ever set to us, by death
 Sent to enflame the world beneath.
 'Twas but a bud, yet did contain,
 More sweetness than shall spring again,
 A budding star that might have grown
 Into a Sun, when it had blown.
 This hopefull beauty, did create
 New life in Love's declining state;
 But now his Empire ends, and we
 From fire, and wounding darts are free;
 His brand, his bow, let no man fear,
 The flames, the arrowes all lye here.

Epitaph

*Epitaph on the Lady S.
Wife to Sir W. S.*

THe harmonic of colours, features, grace,
Resulting Ayres (the magique of a face)
Of musicall sweet tunes, all which combin'd
To crown one Sovereign beauty, lies confin'd
To this dark Vault. She was a Cabinet
Where all the choyest stones of price were set ;
Whose native colours, and purest lustre, lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazling ornament ;
Whose rare and hidden vertues did expresse
Her inward beauties, and minds fairer dresse ;
The constant Diamond, the wise Chrysolite,
The devout Saphyre, Emrauld apt to write
Records of memory, cheerfull Agat, grave
And serious Onyx, Topaze that doth save
The brains calm temper, witty Amethyst.
This precious Quarrie, or what else the list
On Aarons Ephod planted, had, she wote
One only Pearl was wanting to her store ;
Which in her Saviours book she found exprest,
To purchase that, she sold Death all the rest.

Maria

*Maria went worth, Thoma Comitiss Gl
 veland, filia præmorta prima Vir-
 giniam animam exhaluit.
 An Dom. Æt. sue.*

And here the precious dust is laid ;
 Whole purely-tempered Clay was made
 So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
 It broke the outward shell of sin,
 And so was hatch'd a Cherubin,

In heighth, it soar'd to God above ;
 In depth, it did to knowledge move,
 And spread in breadth to general love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd
 To Parents, courtesie behind,
 On either side an equall mind.

Good to the Poor, to kindred dear,
 To servants kind, to friendship cle ar,
 To nothing but her self, severe.

So though a Virgin, yet a Bride
To every Grace, she justifi'd
A chaste Polygamie, and dy'd.

Learn from hence (Reader) what small trust
We ow this world, where vertue must
Frail as our flesh crumble to dust,

On the Duke of *Buckingham*

*Beatissimis Manibus charissimi Viri
I llma Conjunx sic Parent a Vit.*

W HEN in the brazen leaves of Fame,
The life, the death, of *Buckingham*
Shall be recorded, if Truth's hand
Incize the story of our Land,
Posterity shall see a fair
Structure, by the studious care
Of two Kings rays'd, that no less
Their wisdom, than their power express ;
By blinded zeale (whose doubtfull light
Made murders scarlet robe seem white,
Whose vain-deluding phantasmes charm'd
A clouded sullen soul, and arm'd
A desperate hand, thirsty of blood)
Torn from the fair earth where it stood ;

So

So the majest' que fabrique fell,
 His Actions let our Annals tell:
 Wee write no Chronicle; this Pile
 Weares only sorrowes face and stitle,
 Which, even the envy that did waite
 Vpon his flourishing estate,
 Turn'd to soft pity of his death,
 Now prays his Hearse; but that cheap breath
 Shall not blow here, nor th'unpure brine
 Puddle those streames that bathe this shine.

These are the pious Obsequies,
 Drop'd from his chaste Wifes pregnant eyes
 In frequent showres, and were alone
 By her congealing sighes made stone,
 On which the Carver did bestow
 These formes and Characters of woe;
 So he the fashion only lent,
 Whilst she wept all th's Monument.

Another

*Siste Hospes, sive Indigena, sive Advena,
 vicissitudinis rerum memor,
 pauca perlege.*

REader, when these dumb stones have told
 In borrowed Speech what Grief they hold,

Thou shalt confesse, the vain pursure
 Of humane Glory yeelds no fruit,
 But an untimely Grave. If Fate
 Could constant happiness create,
 Her Ministers, Fortune and Worth,
 Had here that miracle brought forth;
 They fix'd this child of Honour, where
 No room was left for Hope, or Fear,
 Of more, or lesse: so high, so great
 His growth was, yet so safe his seat.
 Safe in the circle of his Friends:
 Safe in his Loyall heart, and ends:
 Safe in his native valiant Spirit;
 By favour safe, and safe by merit;
 Safe by the stamp of Nature, which
 Did strength, with shap and Grace enrich;
 Safe in the cheerfull Courtiesies
 Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes;
 Safe in his Bounties, which were more
 Proportion'd to his mind than store:
 Yet, though for vertue he becomes
 Involv'd Himself in borrowed summes,
 Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd.
 No friend engag'd, no debt unpay'd.
 But though the starres conspire to shew
 Vpon one Head th'united power

Aspects

Of all their Graces, if their dire
 Aspects, must other breasts inspire
 With vicious thoughts, a Murderers knife
 May cut (as here) their Darlings life.
 Who can be happy then, if Nature must
 To make one Happy man, make all men just.

Foure Songs by way of *Chorus* to a Play,
 at an entertainment of the King and
 Queene, by my Lord
 Chamberlaine.

The first of *Jealousie*. Dialogue.

Question.

From whence was first this fury hurld,
 This *Jealousie* into the world?

Came she from Hell? Ans. No there doth reign
 Eternall Hatred with Disdain,

But she the Daughter is of Love,

Sister of Beauty. Reply Then above

She must derive from the third Sphere

Her heavenly Off-spring. Ans. Neither there

From those immortall flames could she

Draw her cold frozen Pedigree.

Quest. If nor from heaven nor hell, where then

Had she her birth? Ans. I'th' hearts of men,

Beauty, and Fear did her create,

Younger than Love, Elder than Hate.

Sister

Sister to both, by Beauties side
 To Love, by Fear to Hate ally'd:
 Despayr her issue is, whose race
 Of fruitfull mischiefs drowns the space
 Of the wide earth, in a swoln flood
 Of wrath, revenge, spight, rage, and blood.

Quest. Oh how can such a spurious line
 Proceed from Parents so divine?

Ans. As stream, which from their Chrysell spring
 Doe sweet and clear their waters bring,
 Yet mingling with the brackish Main,
 Nor tast, nor colour they retain.

Qu. Yet Rivers'twixt their own banks flow
 Still fresh, can jealousie doe so?

An. Yes, whilst she keeps the stedfast ground
 Of Hope, and Fear, her equall bound;
 Hope sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
 Tow'rds the fair object doth advance;
 Whilst Fear, as watchfull Scentinell,
 Doth the invading Foe repell;
 And Iealousie thus mixt, doth prove
 The season, and the salt of Love:
 But when Fear takes a larger scope,
 Stifling the child of Reason, Hope
 Then sitting on th'usurped throne,
 Shes like a Tyrant rules alone;

As the wild Ocean unconfin'd,
And raging as the Northren-wind.

2.

Feminine Honour.

IN what esteem did the Gods hold
Fair Innocence, and the chaste bed,
When scandall'd vertue might be bold,
Bare foot, upon sharp Cultures spread
O'r burning coles to march, yet feel
Nor scorching fire, nor piercing steel?

Why, when the hard edg'd Iron did turn
Soft as a bed of Roses blown,
When cruell flame forgot to burn
Their chaste pure limbs, should man alone
Gainst female Innocence conspire,
Harder than steel, fiercer than fire?

Oh haplesse sex! Vnequall story
Of partiall Honour! who may know
Rebels from subjects that obey,
When malice can on Vestals throw
Disgrace, and Fame fix high repate
On the close shameles Prostitute?

Vain Honour ! thou art but disguise,
 A cheating voyce, a juggling art,
 No judge of vertue, whose pure eyes
 Court her own Image in the heart,
 More pleas'd with her true figure there,
 Than her false Eccho in the ear.

3.

Separation of Lovers.

S Top the chased Bore, or play
 With the Lyons paw, yet fear
 From the Lovers side to tear
 Th' Idoll of his soul away.

Though Love enter by the sight
 To the heart, it doth not fly
 From the mind, when from the eye
 The fair objects take their flight.

But since want provokes desire,
 When we lose what we before
 Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
 So is Love more set on fire.

Love doth with an hungry eye
 Glut on Beauty, and you may

*Safer snatch the Tygers pray
Than his vitall food deny.*

*Yet though absence for a space,
Sharpen the keen Appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All Loves characters efface.*

*For the sense not fed, denies
Nourishment unto the mind,
which with expectation pin'd
Love of a consumption dyes.*

4

Incommunicability of Love.

Quest. By what power was Love confin'd
To one object? who can bind,
Or fix a limit to the free-born mind?

An. Nature; for as bodies may
Move at once but in one way,
So nor can minds to more than one love stray.

Reply. Yet I feel double smart
Loves twin'd flame, his forked dart.
An. Then hath wild Lust, not Love possess'd thy heart.

Qu. *Whence springs love ?* An. *From beauty.* Qu. *Why
Should the effect not multiply
As fast i'th' heart, as doth the cause i'th' eye ?*

An. *When two Beauties equall are,
Sense preferring neither fayr,
Desire stands still, distracted 'twixt the pair.*

*So in equall distance lay
Two fayr Lambs in the Wolfe's way,
The hungry beast will sterue ere chuse his prey.*

*But where one is chief, the rest
Cease, and that's alone possess
Without a Rivall Monarch of the breast.*

Songs in the Play.

*A Lover in the disguise of an
Amazon, is dearly beloved
of his Mistris.*

*C*ease thou afflicted soul to mourne,
Whose love and faith are paid with scorn ;

For I am starv'd that feel the blisses
Of dear embraces, smiles, and kisses
From my soul's Idol, yet complain
Of equall love more than disdain.

Cease, Beauties exile to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that fair bosome dwell
That is my Paradise, and Hell;
Banish'd at home, at once at ease
In the safe Port, and lost on Seas.

Cease in cold jealous feares to pine
Sad wretch, whom Rivals undermine;
For though I hold lock'd in mine arms
My lifes sole joy, a Traytors charms
Prevail, whilst I may only blame
My self, that mine owne Rivall am.

Another.

A Lady rescued from death by a Knight
who in the instant leaves her,
complaines thus.

O H whither is my fayr Sun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat away?

*If thou repose in the moist bed
Of the Sea-Queen, bring back the day
To our dark clime, and thou shalt be
Bath'd in the sea flowers from mine eye.*

*Vpon what whirlwind didst thou ride
Hence, yet remain fixt in my heart,
From me, and to me; fled, and ty'd?
Dark riddles of the amorous art;
Love lent thee wings to fly, so Hee
Vnfeather'd now must rest with me.*

*Helpe, helpe, brave Youth, I burn, I bleed,
The cruell God with Bow and Brand
Pursues the life thy valour freed,
Disarm him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou mayest the wild boy tame,
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.*

TO BEN. JOHNSON.

*Vpon occasion of his Ode of defiance annex'd
to his Play of the New Inne.*

TIs true (dear Ben:) thy just chastizing hand
Hath fix'd upon the sorted Age a brand

To their swoln pride, and empty scribbling due,
 It can nor judge, nor Write, and yet 'tis true
 Thy comique Muse from the exalted line
 Tought by the Alchymist, doth since decline
 From that her Zenith, and foretels a red
 And blushing evening, when she goes to bed,
 Yet such, as shall out-shine the glimmering light
 With which all stars shall gild the following night.
 Nor think it much (since all thy Eaglets may
 Endure the Sunnie tryall) if we say
 This hath the stronger wing, or that doth shine
 Trick'd up in fairer plumes, since all are thine ;
 Who hath his flock of cackling Geese compar'd
 With thy tun'd quire of Swans ? or else who dar'd
 To call thy births deform'd ? but if thou bind
 By City custome, or by Gavell kind,
 In equall shares thy love on all thy race,
 We may distinguish of their sex, and place ;
 Though one hand form them, & through one brain
 Souls into all, they are not all alike. (strike
 Why should the follies then of this dull age
 Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage
 As seemes to blast thy (else-immortall) Bays,
 When thine own tongue proclames thy itch of praise ?
 Such thirst will argue droughth. No, let be hurld
 Vpon thy works by the detracting world,

What

What malice can suggest; let the Rom^{an} say,
 The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)
 Count the slow minutes, might a *Gordian* frame
 To swallow when th'hast done thy ship- wrack'd nam^e
 Let them the dear expence of oyl upbraid
 Suck'd by thy watchfull Lamp, that hath betray'd
 To theft the blood of martyr'd Authors, spilt
 Into thy ink, whilst thou grow'st pale with guilt ;
 Repine not at the Tapers thrifty waste,
 That fleeks thy terser Poem; nor is haste
 Prayse, but excuse ; and if thou overcome
 A knotty writer, bring the booty home ;
 Nor think it theft, if the rich spoils so torn
 From conquered Authors, be as Trophies worn.
 Let others glut on the extorted praise
 Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after dayes :
 Thy labour'd works shall live, when Time devours
 Th'abortive off- spring of their hasty hours.
 Thou art not of their rank, the quarrell lyes
 Within thine owne Virge, then let this suffice,
 The wiser world doth greater Thee confesse
 Than all men else, than Thy selfe only less.

*An Hymeneall Dialogue.**Bride and Groom*

G^{room.} Tell me (my Love) since *Hymen* ty'd
 The holy knot, hast thou not felt
 A new infused spirit slide
 Into thy brest, whilst thine did melt ?

Bride. First tell me (Sweet) whose words were those ?
 For though the voyce your ayr did break,
 Yet did my soul the sense compose,
 And through your lips my heart did speak.

Groom. Then I preceive, when from the flame
 Of love, my scorch'd soul did retire,
 Your frozen heart in her place came,
 And sweetly melted in that fire.

Bride. 'Tis true, for when that mutuall change
 Of souls, was made with equall gain,
 I straight might feel diffus'd a strange,
 But gentle heat through every vein.

Chorus. Oh blest dis-union, that doth so
 Our bodies from our souls divide,

As two doe one, and one four grow,
Each by contraction multiply'd,

Bride. Thy bosome then I'll make my nest,
Since there my willing soul doth perch,

Groom. And for my heart in thy chaste breast,
I'll make an everlasting search,

Chorus. Oh blest dis-union, &c.

Obsequies to the Lady

ANNE HAY

I Heard the Virgins sigh, I saw the sleek
And polish'd Courtier channell his fresh cheek
With reall teares ; the new betrothed Maid
Smil'd not that day, the graver Senate laid
Their business by ; of all the Courtly throng,
Grief seal'd the heart, and silence bound the tongue ;
I that ne'r more of privat sorrow knew
Than from my Pen some froward Mistress drew,
And for the publick woe, had my dull sense
So fear'd with ever adverse influence,
As the invaders sword might have unfelt,
Pierc'd my dead bosome, yet began to melt :
Griefe's strong instinct, did to my blood suggest
In the unknown loss peculiar Interest,

But

But when I heard, the noble *Carli's* Gem,
The fayrest branch of *Denny's* ancient stem,
Was from that Casket stoln, from this Trunk torn,
I found just cause, why they, why I should mourn.

But who shall guide my artless Pen, to draw
Those blooming beauties, which I never saw?
How shall posterity believe my story,
If I, her crowded graces, and the glory
Due to her riper vertues, shall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortall state?
Shall I, as once *Apelles*, here a feature,
There steal a Grace, and rifling so whole Nature
Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
Figure one *Venus*, and say such was she?
Shall I her legend fill, with what of old
Hath of the Worthies of her sex been told,
And what all pens, and times, to all dispence,
Restrain to her, by a prophetique sense?
Or shall I, to the Morall, and Divine
Exactest laws, shape by an even line,
A life so straight, as it should shame the square
Left in the rules of *Katherine*, or *Clare*,
And call it hers, say, so did she begin,
And had she liv'd, such had her progress been?
These are dull wayes by which base pens, for hire,
Dawb glorious vice, and from *Apollo's* quire

Steal

Steal holy Ditties, which prophanely they
Vpon the Herse of every strumpet lay.

Wee will not bathe thy corps with a fore'd tear,
Nor shall thy train borrow the blacks they were;
Such vulgar spice, and gums, embalm not thee,
Thou art the theme of Truth, not Poetry.
Thou shalt endure a tryall by thy Peers;
Virgins of equall birth, of equall years,
Whose vertues held with thine an emulous strife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life;
One shall ensphere thine eyes, another shall
Impearl thy teeth a third thy white and small
Hand shall besnow, a fourth incarnadine
Thy rosie cheek, untill each beautilous line,
Drawn by her hand, in whom that part excels,
Meet in one Center, where all beautie dwels.
Others, in task shall thy choyce vertues share,
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth declare,
Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by deeds,
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
Of every vertue, which in the pursute
Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit.
Thus shalt thou, from the mouth of envy, raise
A glorious journall of thy thrifty days,
Like a bright star shot from his sphere, whose race,
In a continued line of flames, we trace;

This

This, if survey'd, shall to thy view impart
 How little more than late, thou wert, thou art;
 This shall gain credit with succeeding times,
 When nor by bribed pens, nor partiall rimes
 Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
 Is storied by the partners of thy youth;
 Their breath shall Salpe thee, and be this thy pride,
 Thus even by Rivals to be Deif'd

*To the Countess of Anglesea upon the im-
 moderately by her lamented death
 of her Husband,*

M Adam, men say you keep with dropping eyes
 Your sorrowes fresh, wat'ring the Rose that lies
 Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear Lords Herse.
 Alas! those odours now no more can pierce
 His cold pale nostrill, nor the crimson dye
 Present a gracefull blush to his dark eye.
 Think you that flood of pearly moisture hath
 The vertue fabled of old E/am's bath?
 You may your beauties, and your youth consume
 Over his Vin, and with your sighes perfume
 The solitary Vault, which as you groan
 In hollow Ecchoes shall repeat your moan;

There

There you may wither, and an Autumn bring
 Vpon your self, but not call back his Spring.
 Forbear your fruitless grief then, and let those
 Whose love was doubted, gain belief with shewes
 To their suspected faith; you, whose whole life
 In every act crown'd you a constant Wife,
 May spare the practise of that vulgar trade,
 Which superstitious custome only made;
 Rather a Widow now of wisdom prove
 The pattern, as a Wife you were of love:
 Yet since you surfeit on your grief, 'tis fit
 I tell the world, upon what cates you sit
 Glutting your sorrows, and at once include
 His story, your excuse, my gratitude.
 You, that behold how yon'd sad Lady blends
 Those ashes with her tears, lest, as she spends
 Her tributary sighes, the frequent gust
 Might scatter up and down the noble dust,
 Know when that heap of Atomes was with blood
 Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly stood
 On stately Pillars, the rare form might move
 The froward *Luna's*, or chaste *Cynthia's* love.
 In motion, active grace, in rest, a calm,
 Attractive sweetness, brought both wound and balm
 To every heart, He was compos'd of all
 The wishes of ripe Virgins, when they call

For

For *Hymen's* rites, and in their fancies wed
 A shape of studied beauties to their bed.
 Within this curious Palace dwelt a soul
 Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole.
 This dress'd his face in courteous smiles; and so
 From comely gestures, sweeter manners flow.
 This courage joyn'd to strength, so the hand, bent,
 Was Valours, open'd, Bounties instrument;
 Which did the scale, and sword of Iustice hold,
 Knew how to brandish steel, and scatter gold.
 This taught him, not to engage his modest tongue
 In suits of private gain, though publike wrong;
 Nor mis-employ (As is the great mans use)
 His credit with his Master, to traduce,
 Deprave, malign, and ruine Innocence
 In proud revenge of some mis-judg'd offence:
 But all his actions had the noble end
 To advance desert, or grace some worthy friend.
 He chose not in the active stream to swim,
 Nor hunted Honour, which, yet hunted him;
 But like a quiet Eddy, that hath found
 Some hollow creek, there turns his waters round,
 And in continuall circles, dances free
 From the impetuous Torrent; so did he
 Give others leave to turn the wheel of State,
 (Whose sterless motions spins the subjects fate)

Whilst

Whilst he retir'd from the tumultuous noyse
Of Court, and suitors press, apart, enjoys
Freedome, and mirth, himself, his time, and fric . . ,
And with sweet rellish tastes each hour he spends.

I could remember how his noble heart
First kindled at your beauties, with what Art
He chas'd his game through all opposing fears,
When I his sighes to you, and back your tears
Convay'd to him, how loyall then, and how
Constant he prov'd since to his marriage vow,
So as his wandering eyes never drew in
One lustfull thought to tempt his soul to sin,
But that I fear such mention rather may
Kindle new grief, than blow the old away.

Then let him rest joyn'd to great *Buckingham*,
And with his brothers, mingle his bright flame,
Look up, and meet their beams, and you from thence
May chance derive a chearfull influence.
Seek him no more in dust, but call agen
Your scatterd beauties home, and so the Pen
Which now I take from this sad Elegie
Shall sing the Trophies of your conquering eye.

G

An

*An Elegie upon the death of Doctor
Donne, Deane of Pauls.*

CAN we not force from widowed Poetry
Now thou art dead (Great *Donne*) one Elegie,
To crown thy Hearse? Why yet did we not trust,
Though with unkneaded dow-bak'd prose, thy dust,
Such as th'uncizard Lect'rer from the flower
Of fading Rhetorique, short liv'd as his houre,
Dry as the sand that measures it, might lay
Upon the ashes, on the Funerall day?
Have we not tune, nor voyce? didst thou dispence
Through all our language both the words and sense?
'Tis a sad truth. The Pulpit may her plain,
And sober Christian precepes still retain;
Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses, frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures, but the flame
Of thy brave soul, that shon such heat, and light,
As burnt our Earth, and made our darkeness bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting hearts distill,
And the deep knowledge, of dark truths, so teach,
As sense might judge, what fancy could not reach,
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique Quire,
Which

Which kindled first by thy Promethean breath
 Glow'd here a while, lyes quench'd now in thy death.
 The Muses garden with Pedanrique weeds
 O'r-spread, was purg'd by thee, the lazic seeds
 Of servile imitation thrown away,
 And fresh invention planted; thou did'st pay
 The debts of our penurious banquerout Age:
 Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage.
 A mimique fury, when our soules must be
 Posselt, or with *Anacreon's* extasie,
 Or *Pindar's*, not their own, the subtle cheat
 Of sly exchanges, and the jugling fear
 Of two-edg'd swords, or whatsoever wrong
 By ours was done the Greek or Latine tongue,
 Thou hast redeem'd, and opened us a Mine
 Of rich and pregnant fance, drawn a line
 Of Masculine expression, which had good
 Old *Orpheus* seen, or all the ancient brood
 Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
 Their Lead more precious than thy burnish Gold /
 Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more,
 They each in others dung had search'd for Ore.
 Thou shak'st yeeld no precedence, but of Time,
 And the blind fate of Langage, whose tun'd chime
 More charms the outward sense; yet thou mayst claime
 From so great disadvantage, greater fame,

Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
 Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
 With her tough thick-rib'd hoops, to gird about
 Thy Gyant fancy, which had prov'd to flout
 For their soft melting phrases. As in time
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime
 Buds of invention many a hundred year,
 And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
 To touch their harvest, yet from those bare lands
 Of what was only thine, thy only hands
 (And that their smallest work) have gleaned more
 Than all those times, and Tongues, could reap before.

But thou art gone, and thy strickt lawes will be
 Too hard for Libertines in Poetry,
 They will recall the goodly exil'd train
 Of gods, and goddesses, which in thy just reign
 Was banisht nobler Poems; now, with these,
 The silenc'd tales i'th' Metamorphoses
 Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page,
 Till verse refin'd by thee, in this last Age
 Turn Ballad-rime, or those old Idols be
 Ador'd again with new Apostasie.

Oh ! pardon me that break with untun'd Verse
 The reverend silence, that attends thy Hearse;
 Whose solemn, awfull Murmurs, were to thee
 More than these rude lines, a loud Elegie;

That

That did proclame in a dumbe Eloquence
 The death of all the Arts, whose influence
 Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lyes
 Gasping short-winded accents, and so dyes.
 So doth the swiftly-turning wheel, not stand
 In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
 But some short time retains a faint weak course,
 By vertue of the first impulsive force;
 And so, whilst I cast on thy funerall Pile
 Thy crown of Bayes, oh let it crack a while,
 And spit disdain, till the devouring flames
 Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.

I will not draw the envy, to engross
 All thy perfections, or weep all the loss,
 Those are too numerous for one Elegie,
 And 'tis too great to be exprest by me:
 Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice,
 I on thy Grave this Epitaph incize.
 Here lyes a king, that rul'd as he thought fit
 The Vniuersall Monarchy of wit;
 Here lyes two Flamens, and both those the best,
 Apollo's first, at last the true God's Priest.

*In answer to an Elegiacall Letter upon the
death of the King of Sweden from
Aurelian Townsend, inviting
me to write on that subject.*

W Hy dost thou sound my dear *Aurelian*,
In so shrill accents, from thy Barbican,
A loud allarm to my drowsie eys,
Bidding them wake in tears and Elegies
For might *Sweden's* fall? Alas! how may
My Lyrique feet, that of the smooth soft way
Of love, and Beauty, only know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead
Victorious King, or his Majestick Hearse
Prophane with th' humble touch of their low verse?
Virgil, nor *Lucan*, nor *Tasso* more
Than both, nor *Dante*, worth all that went before,
With the united labour of their wit
Could a just Poem to this subject fit;
His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
Higher by Verse, let him in prose be pray'd,
In modest faithfull story, which his deeds
Shall turn to Poems: when the next Age reads
Of *Frankfort*, *Leipsgh*, *Worsburgh*, of the *Rhine*,
The *Leck*, the *Danube*, *Tilly*, *Wallestein*,
Bavaria, *Dapenheim*, *Lutzenfield*, where He
Gain'd after death a posthume Victory,

They'l

They'l think his Acts things rather feign'd than don
 Like our Romances of the Knight o'th'Sun.
 Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,
 Who though to Annals he can not refer
 His too-briefe story, yet his Journals may
 Stand by the *Cæsars* years, and every day
 Cut into minutes, each shall more contain
 Of great designement than an Emperours raigh;
 And (since 'twas but his Church-yard) let him have
 For his owne ashes now no narrower Grave
 Than the whol German Continents vast womb,
 Whilst all her Cities doe but make his Tomb.
 Let us to supreme providence commit
 The fate of Monarchs, which first thought it fit
 To rend the Empire from the Austrian grasp
 And next from Swedens, even when he did clasp
 Within his dying armes the Sovereignty
 Of all those Provinces, that men might see
 The Divine wisedome would not leave that Land
 Subject to any one Kings sole command.
 Then let the Germans fear, if *Cæsar* shall,
 Or the Vnited Princes, rise, and fall,
 But let us that in myrtle bowers sit
 Vnder secure shades use the benefit
 Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
 Of our good King gives this obdurate Land,

Let us of Revels sing, and let thy breath
 (Which fill'd Fames trumper with *Gustavus* death,
 Blowing his name to heaven) gently inspire
 Thy past'ral pipe, till all our swains admire
 Thy song and subject, whilst they both comprise
 The beauties of the SHEPHERDS PARADISE;
 For who like thee (whose loose discourse is farre
 More neat and polish'd than our Poems are,
 Whose very gate's more gracefull than our dance)
 In sweetly flowing numbers may advance
 The glorious night ; When not to act foul rapes,
 Like birds, or beasts, but in their Angel-shapes
 A troop of Deities came down to guide
 Our steerless barks in passions swelling tide
 By vetrues Card, and brought us from above
 A pattern of their own celestially love,
 Nor lay it in dark sullen precepts drown'd,
 But with rich fancy, and clear Action crown'd
 Through a mysterious fable (that was drawn
 Like a transparant veyl of purest Lawn
 Before their dazelling beauties) the divine
Venus, did with her heavenly *Cupid* shine.
 The stories curious web, the Masculine stile,
 The subtile sense, did Time and sleep beguile,
 Pann'on'd and charm'd they stood to gaze upon
 Th' Angellike formes, gestures, and motion,

To hear those ravishing sounds that did dispenſe
 Knowledge and pleaſure, to the ſoul and ſenſe,
 It fill'd us with amazement to behold
 Love made all ſpirit; his corporeall mold
 Diſſected into Atomes melt away
 To empty ayr, and from the groſs allay
 Of mixtures, & compounding Acc'dents
 Reſind to immateriall Elements.

But when the Queen of Beauty did inſpire
 The ayr with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
 Breathing from her celeftiall Organ ſweet
 Harmonious notes, our ſouls fell at her feet,
 And did with humble reverend duty, more
 Her rare perfections, than high ſtate adore.

Theſe harmeleſs paſtimes let my *Towneſend* ſing
 To rurall times; not that thy Muſe wants wing
 To ſoare a loftier pitch, for ſhe hath made
 A noble flight, and plac'd th' Heroique ſhade
 Above the reach of our faint ſtagging ryme;
 But theſe are ſubjects proper to our clyme.
 Torueyes, Maſques, Theaters better become
 Our Halcyon dayes; what though the German Drum
 Bellow for freedome and revenge? the noyſe
 Concernes not us; nor ſhould divert our joyes;
 Nor ought the thunder of their Carabins
 Drown the ſweet Ayres of our tun'd Violins;

Believe

Believe me friend, if their prevailing powers
 Gain them a calm security like ours,
 They'l hang their Armes upon the Olive bough.
 And dance, and revell then, as we doe now,

*Vpon Master W. Mountague his
 return from travell.*

LEad the black Bull to slaughter, with the Bore
 And Lambe, then purple with their mingled gore
 The Oceans curled brow, that so we may
 The Sea-Gods for their carefull waftage pay :
 Send gratefull Incense up in pious smoak
 To those mild spirits, that cast a curbing yoke
 Vpon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
 To the wisht shore, our long'd-for *Mountague*,
 Then whilst the Aromatique odours burn,
 In honour of their Darling's safe return
 The Muses Quire shall thus with voyce and hand,
 Bless the fair Gale that drove his ship to land.

*Sweetly breathing Vernall Ayre
 That with kind warmth doest repayre
 Winters ruines, from whose breast
 All the gums and spice of th'East
 Borrow their perfumes, whose eye
 Gilds the morn, and clears the sky,*

whose

whose dishevel'd tresses shed
 Pearls upon the Violet bed,
 On whose brow with calm smiles drest
 The Halcion sits and builds her nest,
 Beauty, Youth, and endless Spring,
 Dwell upon thy rosette wing.
 Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
 Down whole Forrests when he blows,
 With a pregnant flowery birth
 Canst refresh the teeming Earth;
 If he nip the early bud,
 If he blast what's sown on good;
 If he scatter our choyce flowers,
 If he shake our hills or bowers,
 If his rude breath threaten us,
 Thou canst stroak great Eolus
 And from him the grace obtain
 To bind him in an Iron chain.
 Thus, whilst you deal your body 'mongst your friends
 And fill their circling armes, my glad soul sends
 This her embrace : Thus we of Delphos greet,
 As Lay-men clasp their hands, we joyn our feet.

To

To Master W. Mountague.

S I R, I arrest you at your Countries sure,
 Who as a debt to her, requires the fruit
 Of that rich stock, which she by Natures hand
 Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole Land,
 Next she endites you of a Felony,
 For stealing, what was her Propriety :
 Your self, from hence, so seeking to convey
 The publike treasure of the State away.
 More, y'are accus'd of Ostracisme, the Fate
 Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
 On eminent vertue, but that curse which they
 Cast on their men, You on your Countrey lay;
 For, thus divided from your noble part^s
 This Kingdome lives in exile, & all hearts
 That relish worth, or honour, being rent
 From your perfections, suffer banishment
 These are your publike injuries ; but I
 Have a just private quarrell to desie
 And call you Coward, thus to run away
 When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
 Till I redeem'd my honour ; but I swear
 By *Celia's* eyes, by the same force to tear

Your

Your heart from you, or not to end this strife,
 Till I or find revenge, or lose my life,
 But as in single fights it oft hath been
 In that unequall equall tryall seen,
 That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first,
 Came from the Combat oft too with the worst;
 So if you foyl me when we meet, I'll then
 Give you fair leave to wound me so agen.

*On the Mariage of T. K. and C. C. the
 morning stormie.*

SVch should this day be, so the Sun should hide
 His bashfull face, & let the conquering Bride
 Witbout a Rivall shine, whilst He forbears
 To mingle his unequall beames with hers;
 Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye
 Between the parting clouds, 'tis but to spy,
 Not emulate her glories, so comes drest
 In veyles, but as a Masquer to the feast.
 Thus heaven should lowr, such stormy gusts should blow,
 Not to denounce ungentle Fares, but show
 The cheerfull Bridegroom to the clouds and wind,
 Hath all his teares, and all his sighes assign'd.
 Let Tempests struggle in the Ayr, but rest
 Eternall calmes within thy peacefull brest.

Thrice

Thrice happy Youth ; but ever sacrifice
 To that fayr hand that dry'd thy blubbred eyes,
 That crownd thy head with Roses, and turn'd all
 The plagues of love into a cordiall,
 When first it joyn'd her Virgin snow to thine,
 Which when to day the Priest shall recombine,
 From the mysterious holy touch such charmes
 Will flow, as shall unlock her weathed armes,
 And open a free passage to that fruit
 Which thou hast royl'd for with a long pursute.
 But ere thou feed, that thou mayst better taste
 Thy present joyes, think on thy to ments past.
 Think on the mercy freed thee, think upon
 Her vertues, graces, beauties, one by one,
 So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
 Delights of her fair body, and pure soul;
 Then boldly to the sight of Love proceed,
 'Tis mercy not to pittie though she bleed,
 Wee'l strew no nuts, but change that ancient form,
 For till to morrow wee'l prologue this storm.
 Which shall confound with its loud whistling noyse
 Her pleasing shrieks, and fan thy panting joyes.

*For a Picture where a Queen Laments over
the Tombe of a slain Knight.*

BRave Youth ; to whom Fate in one hour
Gave death, and Conquest, by whose power
Those chains about my heart are wound,
With which the Foe my Kingdome bound,
Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either Act an offering ;
For victory, this wreath of Bay ;
Insign of thraldome, down I lay
Scepter and Crown : Take from my sight
Those Royall Robes ; since fortunes spight
Forbids me live thy Vertues prize,
I'l dye thy Valours sacrifice.

To a Lady that desired I would love her.

NOW you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you doe ?
Shall I your mirth, or passion move,
When I begin to wooe ;
Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too ?

Each

2.

Each petty beauty can disdain, and I
 Spight of your hate
 Without your leave can see, and dye;
 Dispencc a nobler Fate,
 Tis easie to destroy, you may create.

3.

Then give me leave to love, & love me too
 Not with designe
 To rayse, as Loves curst Rebels doe,
 When puling Poets whine,
 Fame to their beauty, from their blubbi'd eyn.

4

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
 Your beauties rayes;
 Ioyes are pure streames, your eyes appear
 Sullen in sadder layes,
 In cheerfull numbers they shine bright with prayse.

5.

Which shall not mention to expresse you fayr
 Wounds, flames, and darts,
 Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,
 Suborning all your parts,
 Or to betray, or torture captive hearts,

I'll make your eyes like morning Suns appear,
 As mild, and fair;
 Your brow as Cryftall smooth, and clear,
 And your difhevell'd hayr
 Shall flow like a calm Region of the Ayre.

Rich Nature's store, (which is the Poet's Treasure)
 I'll spend, to dress
 Your beauties, if your mine of Pleasure
 In equall thankfulness
 You but unlock, so we each other bless.

*Vpon my Lord Chief Iustice his election
 of my Lady A. W. for his
 Mistress.*

Hear this, and tremble all
 Vsurping Beauties, that create
 A government Tyrannicall
 In Love's free state,

Iustice, hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
 His equall ballance joyn'd, his sage head lyes
 In love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

2.

Heark how the stern Law breathes
 Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
 No fetters, but of silken wreathes,
 And braded hayrs ;

His dreadfull Rode and Axes are exil'd
 Whilst he sits crown'd with Roses, Love hathild
 His native roughness, Iustice is grown mild.

3.

The golden Age returns,
 Loves bow, and quiver, useles lye,
 His shaft, his brand, nor wounds, nor burns,
 And cruelty
 Is sunk to Hell, the fayr shall all be kind,
 Who loves, shall be belov'd, the froward mind
 To a deformed shape shall be confin'd.

4.

Astrea hath possist
 An earthly seat, and now remains
 In *Finch's* heart, but *Wentworth's* brest
 That Guest contains ;
 With her she dwels, yet hath not left the skies,
 Nor lost her Sphere, for new-enthron'd she cries
 I know no Heaven but fayr *Wentworth's* eyes.

To

*To A. D. unreasonable distrustfull of her
own beauty.*

Fayr *Doris* break thy Glass, it hath perplex,
With a dark Comment, beautie's clearest Text;
It hath not told thy faces story true,
But brought false Copies to thy jealous view.
No colour, feature, lovely ayre, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou maist read in thine, or justly doubt
Thy Glass hath been summon'd to leave it out.
But if it offer to thy nice survey
A spot, a stain, a blemish, or decay,
It not belongs to thee, the treacherous light
Or faithless stone, abuse thy credulous sight.
Perhaps the magique of thy face hath wrought
Vpon th'enchanted Crystall, and so brought
Fantastick shadowes to delude thine eyes
With ayrie re-pereussive soeeries.
Or else th'enamoured Image pines away
For love of the fair Object, and so may
Wax pale and wan, and though the substance grow
Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe;
Give then no faith to the false specular stone,
But let thy beauties by th'effects be known:

Look (sweetest *Doris*) on my love-sick heart, | 2
 In that true mirror see how fair thou art.
 There, by Love's never-erring Penfill drawn
 Shalt thou behold thy face, like th'early dawn
 Shoot through the shady covert of thy hair,
 Enameling, and perfuming the calm Ayre
 With Pearles, and Roses, till thy Suns display
 Their lids, and let out the imprison'd day.
 Whilst *Delphique Priests*, (enlightned by their Theme)
 In amorous numbers count thy golden beam,
 And from Love's Altars clouds of sighes arise
 In smoaking Incense to adore thine eyes.
 If then Love flow from Beauty as th'effect,
 How canst thou the resistless cause suspect?
 Who would not brand that Fool, that should contend
 There were no fire, where smoak and flames ascend?
 Distrust is worse than scorn, not to beleeve
 My harmes, is greater wrong than not to grieve;
 What cure can for my festring sore be found,
 Whilst thou beleev'st thy beauty cannot wound?
 Such humble thoughts more cruell Tyrants prove
 Than all the pride that e'r usurp'd in Love,
 For Beauties Herald, here denounceth war,
 There her false spies betray me to a snare.
 If fire disguis'd in bals of snow were hurl'd
 Its unsuspected might consume the world;

Where

Where our prevention ends, danger begins ;
 So Wolves in Sheepes, Lyons in Asses skins
 Might farre more mischief work, because lesse fear'd,
 Those, the whole stock, these might kill all the herd ;
 Appear then as thou art, break through this cloud,
 Confess thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud,
 Be fair, though scornfull, rather let me find
 Thee cruell, than thus mild, and more unkind ;
 Thy cruelty doth only me desire,
 But these dull thoughts thee to thy self deny ;
 Whether thou mean to barter, or bestow
 Thy self, 'tis fit thou thine own value know.
 I will not cheat thee of thy self, nor pay
 Less for thee than thou art worth, thou shalt not say
 That is but brittle glass, which I have found
 By strict enquiry a firm Diamond.
 I'll trade with no such Indian fool as sells
 Gold, Pearles, and precious stones, for Beads and Bells,
 Nor will I take a present from your hand,
 Which you, or prize not, or not understand ;
 It not endears your bounty what I doe
 Esteem your gift, unless you doe so too ;
 You undervalue me, when you bestow
 On me, what you nor care for, nor yet know.
 No (*Lovely Doris*) change thy thoughts, and be
 In love first with thy self, and then with me,

You are afflicted that you are not fayr,
 And I as much tormented that you are ;
 What I admire, you scorn, what I love, hate ;
 Through different faiths, both share an equall Fate.
 Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick,
 I dye a Martyr, you an Heretique.

*To my friend G. N. from
 Wreſt.*

I, Breath (*sweet Ghibs* :) the temperate ayr of *wreſt*
 Where I no more with raging ſtorms oppreſt
 Wear the cold nights out by the banks of *Tweed*,
 On the bleak Mountains, where fierce tempeſts breed,
 And everlaſting Winter dwels ; where milde
Favonius, and the Vernall winds exil'd,
 Did never ſpread their wings : but the wild North
 Brings ſterill Fearn, Thistles, and Brambles forth.
 Here ſteep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant Earth,
 Sends from her teeming womb a flowrie birth,
 And cheriſh'd with the warm Sun's quickning hear,
 Her porous boſome doth rich odours ſweat ;
 Whoſe perfumes through the Ambient ayr diſſuſe
 Such native *Aromatiques*, as we uſe
 No forraign Gums, nor eſſence, fetcht from farre,
 No Volatile ſpirits, nor compounds that are

Adulterate

Adulterate, but at Natures cheap expence
 With farre more genuine sweets refresh the sense,
 Such pure and uncompounded beauties, bless
 This Mansion with an usefull comeliness
 Devoid of Art, for here the Architect
 Did not with curious skill a Pile erect
 Of carved Marble, Touch, or Porphyry
 But built a house for hospitality ;
 No sumptuous Chimney-peece of shining stone
 Invites the strangers eye to gaze upon,
 And coldly entertaines his sight, but clear
 And cheerfull flames, cherish and warm him here ;
 No Dorique, nor Corinthian Pillars grace
 With Imagery this structures naked face,
 The Lord and Lady of this plate delight
 Rather to be in act, than seem in sight ;
 In stead of Statues to adorn their wall,
 They throng with living men, their merry Hall,
 Where at large Tables fill'd with wholsome meats
 The servant, Tenant, and kind neighbour eates.,
 Some of that rank, spun of a finer thred,
 Are with the Women, Steward, and Chaplain sed
 With dainties eates ; Others of better note
 Whom wealth, parts, office, or the Heralds coat
 Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
 At the Lords Table, whose spread sides admitt

A large access of friends to fill those seats
 Of his capacious sickle, fill'd with meats
 Of choycest rellish, till his Oaken back
 Vnder the load of pil'd-up dishes crack,
 Nor think, because our Pyramids, and high
 Exalted Turrets threaten not the sky,
 That therefore *we* of narrowness complaines
 Or streightned Walls, for the more numerous trains
 Of Noble guests daily receives, and those
 Can with farre more conveniencie dispose
 Than prouder Piles, where the vain builder spent
 More cost in outward gay Embellishment
 Than reall use: which was the sole designe
 Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
 But fit for service. *Amalthea's* Horn
 Of plenty is not in Effigie worn
 Without the gate, but she within the dore
 Empties her free and unexhausted store.
 Nor, crown'd with wheaten wreathes, doth *Ceres* stand
 In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand:
 Nor, on a Marble Tun, his face besmear'd
 With grapes, is curl'd uncizard *Bacchus* rear'd.
 We offer not in Emblemes to the eyes,
 But to the taste those usefull Deities.
 Wee prels the iuyce God, and quaff his blood,
 And grind the Yellow Goddess into food.

Yet we decline not all the work of Art,
 But where more bounteous Nature bears a part
 And guides her Hand-maid, if she bur'd's penco
 Fir matter, she with care and diligence
 Employes her skill, for where the neighbour fource
 Powres forth her waters, she directs her course,
 And entertaines the flowing streames in deep
 And spacious channels, where they slowly creep
 In snaky windings, as the shelving ground
 Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
 This Island Mansion, which i'th' center plac'd,
 Is with a double Crystall heaven embrac'd,
 In which our watery constellations floate.
 Our Fishes, Swans, our Water-man and Bost,
 Envy'd by those above, which wish to stake
 Their starre-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake,
 But they stick fast nayl'd to the barren Sphere
 Whilst our encrease in fertile waters here,
 Disport, and wander freely where they please
 Within the circuit of our narrow Seas.

With various Trees we fringe the waters brink,
 Whose thirsty roots the soaking moysture drink.
 And whose extended boughes in equall ranks
 Y'eld fruit, and shade, and beaurty to the banks.
 On this side young *Vertumnus* sits, and courts
 His ruddy-check'd *Pomona*, *Zephyre* sports

On th'other, with lov'd *Flora*, yeelding there
 Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here,
 But did you taste the high and mighty drink
 Which from that Fountain flowes, you'd think
 The God of Wine did his plump clusters bring,
 And crush the Falern grape into our spring;
 Or else disguis'd in watery Robes did swim
 To *Ceres* bed, and make her big of Him,
 Begetting so himself on Her: for know
 Our Vintage here in March doth nothing owe
 To theirs in Autumn, but our fire boyles here
 As lusty liquor as the Sun makes there.
 Thus I enjoy my self, and taste the fruit
 Of this blest Peace, whilst toyl'd in the pursuit
 Of Bucks, and Stags, th'embell of warre you strive
 To keep the memory of our Armies alive.

*A New-yeares gift.
 To the King.*

Look back old *Ianus*, and survey
 From Time's birth, till this new-born day,
 All the successefull season bound
 With Lawrell wreaths, and Trophies crown'd;
 Turn o'r the Annals past, and where
 Happy auspicious dayes appear,

mark'd with the whiter stone, that cast
 in the dark brow of th' Ages past
 dazzling luster, let them shine
 in this succeeding circles twine,
 till it be round with glories spread,
 then with it crown our CHARLES his head,
 that we th' ensuing year may call
 One great continu'd festivall.
 Fresh joyes in varied formes apply,
 To each distinct captivity.
 Season his cares by day with nights
 Crown'd with all conjugall delights,
 May the choyce beauries that enflame
 His Royall breast be still the same,
 And he still think them such, since more
 Thou canst not give from Natures store.
 Then as a Father let him be
 With numerous issue blest, and see
 The fair and God-like off-spring grown
 From budding stars to Suns full blown.
 Circle with peacefull Olive boughs,
 And conquering Bayes, his Regall browes.
 Let his strong vertues over-come,
 And bring him bloodless Trophies home;
 Strew all the payements, where he treads,
 With loyall hearts, or Rebels heads :

But Byfront, open thou no more,
In his blest reign the Temple dore.

To the Queen.

THou great Commandress, that doest move
Thy Scepter o'r the Crown of Love,
And through his Empire with the A we
Of Thy chaste beames, doest give the Law,
From his prophaner Altars, we
Turn to adore Thy Deitie:
He only can wild lust provoke,
Thou, those impurer flames canst choke;
And where he scatters looser fires,
Thou turn'st them into chaste desires:
His Kingdome knowes no rule but this,
what ever pleaseth Lawfull is;
Thy sacred Lore shewes us the path
Of Modesty, and constant faith,
Which makes the rude Male satisfied
With one fair Female by his side;
Doth either sex to each unite,
And forme love's pure Hermophradite,
To this Thy faith, behold the wild
Satyr already reconcil'd,

Who

Who from the influence of Thine eye
 Hath suckt the deep Divinity;
 O free them then, that they may teach;
 The Centaur and the Horseman preach
 To Beasts and Birds, sweetly to rest
 Each in his proper Lare and nest:
 They shall convey it to the fould,
 Till there Thy law be understood,
 So shalt thou with thy pregnant fire,
 The water, earth, and ayr, inspire.

*To the New yeare, for the Countess
 of Carlile.*

Give *Lucinda* Pearl, nor Stone,
 Lend them light who else have none,
 Let Her beaury shine alone.

Gums nor Spice bring from the East,
 For the Phoenix in Her breast
 Builds his funerall Pile, and nest.

No tyre thou canst invent,
 Shall to grace her forme be sent,
 She adornes all ornaments.

Give Her nothing, but restore
 Those sweet smiles which heretofore,
 In Her chearfull eyes she wore.

Drive those envious clouds away,
 Veiles that have o'r-cast my day,
 And ecclips'd Her brighter ray.

Let the royall Goth mow down
 This yeares harvest with his own
 Sword, and spare *Lucinda's* frown.

Ianus, if when next I trace
 Those sweet lines, I in her face
 Read the Charter of my grace,

Then from bright *Apollo's* tree,
 Such a Garland wreath'd shall be,
 As shall Crown both Her and Thee.

*To my Honoured friend, Master Thomas May, upon his Comedie,
 The Heire.*

THe Heir being born, was in his tender age
 Rock'd in the Cradle of a private Stage,

Where

Where lifted up by many a willing hand,
 The child did from the first day fairly stand.
 Since having gather'd strength, he dares preferre
 His steps into the publike Theater
 The world : where he dispaire not but to find
 Doom from men more able, nor lesse kind.

I but his Vsher am, yet if my word
 May pass, I dare be bound he will afford
 Things must deserve a welcome, if well known,
 Such as best writers would have wish'd their own.

You shall observe his words in order meet,
 And softly stealing on with equall feet
 Slide into even numbers, with such grace
 As each word had been moulded for that place.

You shall perceive an amorous passion, spun
 Into so smooth a web, as had the Sun
 When he pursu'd the swiftly flying Maid,
 Courted her in such language, she had staid.

A love so well exprest, must be the same
 The Author felt himself from his fair flame:
 The whole plot doth alike it self disclose
 Through the five Acts, as doth the Lock that goes

With letters, for till every one be known,
 The Lock's as fast, as if you had found none;
 And where his sportive Muse doth draw a thread
 Of mirth, chaste Matrons may not blush to read.

Thus

Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
 My want of art (dear friend) than to conceal
 My love. It did appear I did not mean
 So to commend thy well-wrought Comick-scene;
 As men might judge my ayme rather to be,
 To gain prayse to my self, than give it thee;
 Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
 Deserv'd and what must my faint breath out-last.

Yet was this garment (though I skillefs be,
 To take thy measure) only made for thee,
 And if it prove too scant, 'tis cause the stuff
 Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

*To my worthy friend Master Geo. Sands,
 on his translation of the Psalmes.*

I Prefe not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
 The holy place with my unhallowed feet;
 My unwasht Muse pollutes not things Divine,
 Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine;
 Here, humbly at the porch she staves,
 And with glad eares sucks in thy sacred layes.
 So, devout Penitents of Old were wont,
 Some without doore, and some beneath the Font,
 To stand and hear the Churches Liturgies,
 Yernot assist the solemn exercise:

Sufficeth

Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,
 To trim thy Vestments, or but bear thy train;
 Though not in tune, nor wing, she reach thy Lark,
 Her Lyrick feet may dance before the Arke,
 Who knows, but that her wandring eys that run,
 Now hunting Glow-worms, may adoe the Sun,
 A pure flame may, shot by Almighty powre
 Into her brest, the earthy flame devoure.
 My eys, in penitentiall dew may sleep
 That brine, which they for sensuall love did weep.
 So (though 'gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht
 With fire, and water be with water drencht;
 Perhaps my restless soul, tyr'd with pursuit
 Of mortall beauty, seeking without fruit
 Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
 Quencht all her thirst, nor satisfied, though cloy'd;
 Weary of her vain search below, Above
 In the first fair may find th' immortall Love.
 Prompted by thy example then, no more
 In moulds of clay will I my God adore;
 But tear those Idols from my heart, and write
 What his blest Spirit, not fond Love, shall indite;
 Then I no more shall court the verdant Bay,
 But the dry leaveless Trunk on Golgotha;
 And rather strive to gain from thence one Thorn,
 Than all the flourishing wreaths by Laureats worn,

To my much honoured friend, HENRY
 Lord CARY of Lepington, upon his
 translation of MALVEZZI.

My Lord,

IN every triviall work 'tis known
 Translators must be masters of their own,
 And of their Author's language, but your task
 A greater latitude of skill did ask
 For your *Malvezzi* first requir'd a man
 To teach him speak vulgar Italian :
 His matter's so sublime, so now his phrase,
 So farre above the stile of *Bemboe's* dayes,
 Old *Varchie's* rules, or what the Trusca yet
 For currant Truscan mintage will admit,
 As I beleeeve your Marques, by a good
 Part of his Natives hardly understood.
 You must expect no happier fate, 'tis true
 He is of noble birth, of nobler you :
 So nor your thoughts, nor words fit common cares,
 He writes, and you translate both to your Peeres,

*To my worthy Friend, Master D'AVENANT,
Vpon his excellent Play, The Iust
Italian.*

I'L not mispend in praise, the narrow room
 I borrow in this leaf; the Garlands bloom
 From thine own seeds, that crown each glorious page
 Of thy triumphant work; the sullen Age
 Requires a Satyre. What starre guides the soul
 Of these our froward times, that dare controul,
 Yet dare not learn to judge? When didst thou fly
 From hence, clear, candid Ingenuity?
 I have beheld, when pearch'd on the smooth brow
 Of a fair modest troop, thou didst allow
 Applause to slighter workes; but then the weak
 Spectator, gave the knowing leave to spake.
 Now noyse prevailes, and he is tax'd for drowth
 Of wit, that with the cry, spends not his mouth?
 Yet ask him, reason why he did not like;
 Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
 Thy soul with scorn, and pity: mark the places
 Provoke their smiles, frowns, or distorted faces,
 When they admire, nod, shake the head, they'l be
 A scene of myrth, a double Comedy.
 But thy strong fancies (raptures of the brain,
 Drest in Poeticke flames) they entertain

As a bold, impious reach ; for they'l still flight
 All that exceeds Red Bull, and Cockpit flight,
 These are the men in crowded heaps that throng
 To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
 Of th'untun'd Kennell, can a line repeat
 Of serious sense, but like lips, meet like meat ;
 Whilst the true brood of Actors, that alone
 Keep naturall unstrain'd Action in her throne
 Behold their Benches bare, though they rehearse
 The terser *Beaumont's* or great *Iohnson's* verse.
 Repine not Thou then, since this churlish fate
 Rules not the stage alone ; perhaps the State
 Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good,
 Have by the Rabble been mis-understood.
 So was thy Play ; whole clear, yet lofly strain,
 Witmen, that govern Fate, shall entertain.

*To the Reader of Master William
 Davenant's Play.*

IT hath beene said of old, that Playes are Feasts,
 Poets the Cookes, and the Spectators Guests,
 The Actors Waitors : From this Similie,
 Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty
 To use their judgements as their Tastes, which chuse
 Without controule, this Dish, and that refuse :

But Wit allowes not this large Priviledge,
 Either you must confesse, or feel it's edge ;
 Nor shall you make a currant inference
 If you transfer your reason to your sense :
 Things are distinct, and must the same appear
 To every piercing Eye, or well-tun'd Eare. (meet
 Though sweets with yours, sharpes best with my taste
 Both must agree, this most's, or sharp or sweet :
 But if I sent a stench, or a perfume,
 Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
 You have that sense imperfect ; So you may
 Affect a sad, merry, or humerous Play,
 If, though the kind distaste or please, the Good
 And Bad, be by your Iudgement understood ;
 But if, as in this Play, where with delight
 I feast my Epicurean appetite
 With relishes so curious, as dispencc
 The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,
 You should profess that you can nothing meet
 That hits your taste, either with sharp or sweets,
 But cry out, 'tis insipid ; your bold Tongue
 May doe it's Master, not the Author wrong ;
 For Men of better Pallat will by it
 Take the just elevation of your Wit.

TO MY FRIEND WILL:
D'AVENANT.

I Crowded 'mongst the first, to see the Stage:
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancie dazled; Where each Scene
Wrought like a charm, and forc't the audience lean
To'th' passion of thy Pen; thence Ladies went
(Whose absence Lovers sigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind scorn; And Courtiers, who by art
Made love before, with a converted heart,
To wed those Virgins, whom they woo'd t'abuse;
Both rendred *Hymen's* pros'lits by thy Muse.

But others who were proof'gainst Love, did fit
To learn the subtle Dictats of thy Wit;
And as each profited, took his degree,
Master, or Batchelor, in Comedy.
Wee, of th'adult'rate mixture not complain,
But thence more Characters of Vertue gain;
More pregnant Patterns of transcendent Worth,
Than barren and insipid Frute brings forth:
So, oft the Bastard nobler fortune meets,
Than the dull Issue of the lawfull sheets.

The Comparison.

Darest, thy tresses are not threads of gold,
 Thy eyes of Diamonds, nor doe I hold
 Thy lips for Rubies : Thy fair cheeks to be
 Fresh Roses, or thy teeth of Ivory.
 Thy skin that doth thy dainty body sheath,
 Not Alabaſter is, nor doſt thou breath
 Arabian odours, thoſe the earth brings forth;
 Compar'd with which, would but impaire thy worth,
 Such may be others Miſtreſſes, but mine
 Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
 Thy tresses are thoſe rayes that doe ariſe
 Not from one Sunne, but two ; Such are thy eyes ;
 Thy lips congealed Nectar are, and ſuch,
 As but a Deitie, there's none dare touch ;
 The perfect crimſon that thy cheek doth cloath
 (But only that it farre exceeds them both)
 Aurora's bluſh reſembles, or that red
 That Iris ſtruts in when her mantle's ſpred;
 Thy teeth in white doe Leda's Swan exceed,
 Thy ſkin's a heavenly and immortal weed,
 And when thou breath'ſt, the winds are ready ſtraight
 To ſuck it from thee, and doe therefore wait

Close at thy lips, and snatching it from thence
 Bear it to Heaven, where 'tis *Love's* frankincense.
 Fair Goddess, since thy feature makes the one,
 Yet be not such for these respects alone;
 But as you are divine in outward view,
 So be within as fair, as good, as true.

The Enquiry.

Amongst the myrtles as I walk't,
 Love and my sighs thus intertalk't,
 Tell me (said I in deep distress)
 Where may I find my shepherdess?

Thou fool (said love) knowst thou not this
 In every thing that's good she is;
 In yonder Tulip goe and seek,
 There thou maist find her lip, her cheek.

In you ennamme'd Pan lie by.
 There thou shalt have her curious eye;
 In b'loom of Peach, in Rosie bud,
 There wave the streamers of her blood.

In brightest Lillies that there stands,
 The emblems of her whiter hands.
 In yonder rising hill there smels
 Such sweets as in her bosome dwels.

'Tis true (said I) and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one
 To make of parts a union;
 But on a suddain all was gone.

With that I stopt, said love these be
 (Fond man) resemblances of thee,
 And as these flowres, thy joyes shall die;
 Even in the twinkling of an eye;

And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
 Like these short sweets, thus knit together.

The Spark.

MY first love whom all beauries did adorn,
 Firing my heart suppress't it with her scorn,
 Sun-like to tinder in my breast it lies,
 By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
 Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,
 And that is free to all that was entire:

Desiring

Desiring more, by thee (desire) I lost,
 As those that in consumptions hunger most,
 And now my wandring thoughts are not confin'd
 Vnto one woman, but to woman-kind ;
 This for her shape of love, that for her face,
 This for her gesture, or some other grace,
 And where I none of these doe use to find,
 I choose there by the kernell not the rind ;
 And so I hope since my first hopes are gone,
 To find in many what I lost in one ;
 And like to Merchants after some great loss,
 Trade by retayle, that cannot now in gross.
 The fault is hers that made me goe astray,
 He needs must wander that hath lost his way.
 Guiltless I am, she did this change provoke,
 And made that charcoal which to her was oak,
 And as a Looking-glass from the aspect,
 Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
 But being crack't, or broken, there are shown
 Many half faces, which at first were one;
 So love unto my heart did first prefer
 Her Image, and there planted none but her,
 But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
 Many less faces in her face are born;
 Thus like to tynder am I prone to catch
 Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

The Complement.

O My dearest I shall grieve thee
 When I swear, yet sweet beleve me,
 By thine eyes the tempting book
 On which even crabbed old men look,
 I swear to thee, (though none abhorre them)
 Yet I doe not love thee for them.

I doe not love thee for that fair,
 Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
 Though the wires thereof be drawn
 Finer than the threads of lawn,
 And are softer than the leaves
 On which the subtle spinner weaves,

I doe not love thee for those flowers,
 Growing on thy cheeks (loves bowers)
 Though such cunning them hath spread
 None can paint their white and red:
 Loves golden arrowes thence are shot,
 Yet for them I love thee not.

I doe not love thee for those soft
 Red corall lips I've kist so oft;
 Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
 To speech, whence musick still is heard: Though

Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Might tyrants melt and death awakens.

I doe not love thee (O my fairest)
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder ;
Though that neck be whiter far,
Than towers of polliht Ivory are.

I doe not love thee for those mountains
Hill'd with snow, whence milky fountains,
(Suger'd sweets, as firropt berries)
Must one day run through pipes of cherries;
O how much those breasts do move me !
Yet for them I doe not love thee.

I doe not love thee for that belly,
Sleek as fatten, soft as jelly,
Though within that Christall round
Heaps of treasure might be found,
So rich that for the best of them,
A King might leave his Diadem.

I doe not love thee for those thighes,
Whose Alablaster rocks doe rise

So high and even that they stand
 Like Sea-markes to some happy land;
 Happy are those eys have seen them,
 More happy they that sayl between them;

I love thee not for thy myfft palm,
 Though the dew thereof be balm:
 Nor for thy pretty legge and foot;
 Although it be the precious root,
 On which this goodly Cedar grows,
 (Sweet) I love thee not for those.

Nor for thy wit though pure and quick,
 Whose substance no Arithmetick
 Can number down: nor for those charmes
 Mask'd in thy embracing arms.
 Though in them one night to lye,
 Dearest, I would gladly die.

I love not for those eyes, nor hair,
 Nor cheeks, nor lips, nor teeth so rare;
 Nor for thy speech, thy neck, nor breast,
 Nor for thy belly, nor the rest:
 Nor for thy hand, nor foot so small,
 But wouldst thou know (dear sweet) for all.

*On sight of a Gentlewomans face in
the water.*

Stand still you floods, doe not deface
That Image which you bear :
So Votaries from every place,
To you shall Altars reare.

No winds but Lovers sighs blow here
To trouble these glad streames,
On which no starre from any Sphere
Did ever dart such beames.

To Christall then in haste congeal,
Lest you should lose your blis :
And to my cruell fair reveal,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall fear
Their beauties will be scorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to tear
That face which you adorn'd,

Then rage and foam amaine, that we
Their malice may despise :
And from your froath we soon shall see,
A second *Venus* rise.

A Song.

Ask me no more where love bestoves,
 When Iune is past, the fading rose:
 For in your beauties orient deep,
 These Flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither doe stray
 The golden Atomes of the day:
 For in pure love heaven did prepare
 These powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The Nightingale, when May is past:
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those starres light,
 That downwards fall in dead of night:
 For in your eyes they sit, and there,
 Fixed, become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if East or west,
 The Phenix builds her spicy nest:
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And by your fragrant bosome dies.

Song.

Would you know what's soft? I dare,
 Not bring you to the dawn, or ay:
 Nor to starres to shew what's bright,
 Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor if you would Musick hear,
 Call the orbs to take your care:
 Nor to please your sense bring forth
 Bruised Nard, or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac't,
 Bring you Nectar, for a taste:
 Would you have all these in one,
 Name my Mistress, and 'tis done.

The second Rapture.

NO worlding, no, tis not thy gold,
 Which thou dost use but to behold,
 Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
 Children, or friends, nor a good wife,
 That makes thee happy; these things be
 But shadows of felicity.

Give me a wench about thirteen,
Already voted to the Queen

Of lust and loves, whose soft hair,

Fann'd with the breath of gentle air,

O'rspreads her shoulders like a tent,

And is her vail and ornament;

Whose tender touch will make the blood

Wild in the aged, and the good;

Whose kisses, fasten'd to the mouth

Of threescore years and longer flourish,

Renew the age; and whose bright eye

Obscures those lesser lights of sky;

Whose snowy breasts (if we may call

That snow, that never melts at all)

Makes *Jove* invent a new disguise,

In spite of *Juno's* jealousies;

Whose every part doth re-invis

The old decayed appetite;

And in whose sweet embraces I

May melt my self to lust, and die.

This is true bliss, and I confesse,

There is no other happiness,



The

The Hue and Cry.

IN love's name you are charg'd hereby,
 To make a speedy Hue and Cry
 After a face which t' other day,
 Stole my wandering heart away.
 To direct you these (in brief)
 Are ready marks to know the thief.

Her hair a net of beams would prove,
 Strong enough to captive *Jove*
 In his Eagle shap ; Her brow,
 Is a comely field of snow ;
 Her eye so rich, so pure a gray,
 Every beam creates a day ;
 And if shee but sleep (not when
 The Sun sets) 'tis night agen ;
 In her cheeks are to be seen,
 Of flowers both the King and Queen,
 Thither by the graces led,
 And freshly laid in nuptiall bed,
 On whom lips like Nymphes doe wait,
 Who deplore their virgin star,
 Oft they blush, and blush for this,
 That they one another kiss :
 But observe besides the rest,
 You shall know this Fellow best,

By her tongue, for if your eare
 Once a heavenly musick hear,
 Such as neither Gods nor Men,
 But from that voice, shall hear agen,
 That, that is she. O strait surprize,
 And bring her unto loves Affize:
 If you let her goe she may,
 Antedate the latter day,
 Fate and Philosophy control,
 And leave the world without a soul.

To his Mistris confined.

Song

O Think not Phæbe, 'cause a cloud,
 Doth now thy silver brightness shrowd
 My wandering eye
 Can stoop to common beauties of the Sky.
 Rather be kind, and this Eclipse,
 Shall neither hinder eye nor lips,
 For wee shall meet,
 Within our hearts, and kisse, and non shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
 Without some living signe of me;

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when thou dost spy

A Sun beam peep into the room, 'tis I,

For I am hid within a flame,

And thus into thy chamber came,

To let thee see

In what a martyrdom I burn for thee.

When thou dost touch thy Lute, thou mayest

Think on my heart, on which thou playest :

when each sad tone,

Upon the strings doth shew my deeper grief.

when thou dost please, they shall rebound

with nimble eyes, struck to the sound

Of thy own voice;

O think how much I tremble and rejoyce.

There's no sad picture that doth dwell

Upon thy Arras wall, but well

Resembles me;

No matter though our age do not agree,

Love can make old, as well as time,

And he that doth but twenty chime,

If he dare prove

'As true as I, shows fourscore years in love.

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here,
 This firstling of the infant year;
 Ask me why I send to you,
 This Primrose all bepearl'd with dew,
 I strait will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears

Ask me why this flower doth shew,
 So yellow, green, and sickly too;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And bending, yet it doth not break;
 I must tell you these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

The tinder.

OF what mould did nature frame me?
 Or was it her intent to shame me,
 That no woman can come neer me
 Fair, but her I court to hear me?
 Sure that mist is to whose beauty
 First I paid a Lovers dury,

Burnt in rage my heart to tinder ;
 That nor prayers, nor tears can hinder.
 But where ever I doe turn me,
 Every spark let fall doth burn me,
 Women since you thus inflam me,
 Flint and steel I'l ever name yee.

A Song.

IN her fayr cheek's two pits doe lye,
 To bury those slain by her eye,
 So spight of death thus comforts me,
 That fairely buried I shall be.
 My grave with rose and lilly spread.
 O tis a life to be so dead.

Come then and kill me with thy eye
 For if thou let me live, I dye.

when I behold those lips again,
 Reviving what those eyes have slain,
 With kisses sweet, whose balsome pure,
 Loves wounds as soon as made, can cure.
 Me thinks 'tis sickness to be sound,
 And there's no health to such a wound.

Come then, &c.

when

When in her chaste breast I behold,
 Those downy mounts of snow ne'r cold,
 And those blest hearts her beauty hills,
 Grow'd by climbing those sayr hills.
 He thinks there's life in such a death,
 And so t'expire, inspires new breath.

Come then, &c.

Nymph since no death is deadly, wher
 Such choyce of Antidotes are neere,
 And your keen eyes but kill in vain,
 Those that are sound, as soon as slain,
 That I no longer dead survive,
 Your way's to bury me alive
 In Cupids cave, wher happy I,
 May dying live, and living dye.

Come then and kill me with thy eye,

For if thou let me live, I die.

The Carver.

To his Mistris.

A Carver having lov'd to long in vain
 Hew'd out the portraiture of *Venus* Sunn
 In marble rocke, upon the which did rain
 Small drifling drops that from a fount did runne

Imagining the drops would either wear

His fury out, or quench his living flame :

But when he saw it bootless it did appear,

He swore the water did augment the flame,

So I that seek in verse to carve thee out,

Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay,

Viewing my lines impolish't all throughout,

Find my will rather to my love obey :

That with the Carver I my work do blame,

Finding it still th'augmenter of my flame.

To the Painter.

FOnd man that hop'st to catch that face,
With those false colours, whose short grace

Serves but to shew the Lookers on

The faults of thy presumption;

Or at the least to let us see,

That is divine, but yet not thee.

Say you could imitate the rays

Of those eyes that out-shine the dayes,

Or counterfeir in red and white

That most uncounterfeited light

Of her complexion, yet canst thou

(Great Master though thou be) tell how

To print a vertue? Then desist,
 This fair, your Artifice hath mist;
 You should have mark'd how she begins
 To grow in vertue, not in sins;
 In stead of that same roscie die,
 You should have drawn our modesty,
 Whose beauty sits enthroned there,
 And learns to look and blush at her,
 Or can you colour just the same,
 When vertue blushes, or when shame,
 When sickness, and when innocence,
 Shews pale or white unto the face?
 Can such coarse varnish e'r be sold,
 To imitate her white and red?
 This may do well els-where in Spain,
 Among those faces d'ied in grain,
 So you may thrive, and what you do,
 Prove the best picture of the two.
 Besides (if all I hear be true)
 'Tis taken ill by some, that you
 Should be so insolently vain,
 As to contrive all that rich gain
 Into one tablet, which alone
 May teach us superstition;
 Instructing our amazed eies,
 T'admire and worship Imag'ries.

Such

Such as quickly might out-shine
 Some new Saint, we't allow'd a shrine,
 And turn each wandring looker on,
 Into a new *Pigmalion* :

Yet your Art cannot equalize

This Picture in her Lovers eyes.

His eies the pencils are which limbe,

Her truly, as hers copy him,

His heart the Tabler, which alone

Is for that portraicture the tru'st stone,

If you would a truer see,

Mark it in their posterity,

And you shall read it truly there,

When the glad world shal see their Heir!

Loves Courtship.

KIs lovely *Celia* and be kind,

Let my desires freedom find,

Sit there down

And we will make the Gods confess

Mortals enjoy some happiness.

Mars would disain his Mistress charms,

If he beheld thee in my arms,

And descend.

Thee

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Thee his mortall Queen to make,
Or live as mortall for thy sake.

Venus must lose her title now,
And leave to brag of Cupid's bow;

Silly Queen,

Sweet hath but one, but I can spy,
Ten thousand Cupids in thy ey.

Nor may the Sun behold our bliss,
For sure thy eies do dazle his

If thou fear.

That hell betray thee with his light,
Let me ecclipse thee from his sight.

And while I shade thee from his ey,
Oh let me hear thee gently cry,

celia yeelds.

Maids often lose their Maiden-head,
Ere they set foot in Nuptial bed.

*On a Damask rose sticking upon
a Ladies breast.*

Let pride grow b'g my Rose, and let the clear
And damask colour of thy leaves appear.

Let

Let scent and looks be sweet, and bleſs that hand
 That did tranſplant thee to that ſacred land.
 O happy thou that in that garden reſts,
 That Paradife between that Ladies breſts.
 There's an eternall ſpring, there ſhalt thou lie,
 Betwixt two Lilly mounts, and never die.
 There ſhalt thou ſpring among the fertile vallies,
 By buds like thee that grow in miſt of Allies.
 There none dare pluck thee, for that place is ſuch,
 That but a good divine, there's none dare touch.
 If any but approach, ſtraight doth ariſe
 A bluſhing lightning flaſh, and blaſts hiſeies.
 There 'ſtead of rain ſhall living fountains flow,
 For wind her fragrant breath for ever blow.
 Nor now, as eaſt, one Sun ſhall on thee ſhine,
 But thoſe two glorious ſuns, her eyes divine.
 O then what Monarch would not think't a grace,
 To leave his Regall throne to have thy place.
 My ſelf to gain thy bleſſed ſeat do vow
 VVould be transform'd into a roſe as thou.

The Proteſtation, a Sonnet.

NO more ſhall Meads be deckt with Flowers,
 Nor ſweetneſs dwell in roſe bowers;

Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
 Nor April violets paint the grove,
 If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the Ocean burn,
 And fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
 The humble Oak no flood shall know
 When floods shall highest hills ore-flow;
 Black Lxthe shall oblivion leave,
 If e'r my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
 And Venus Doves want wings to fly,
 The Sun refuse to shew his light,
 And day shall then be turn'd to night,
 And in that night no star appear,
 If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
 Nor Lovers more shall love for worth,
 Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
 Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
 Grim Death no more shall borrow robes,
 If e'r I leave bright Celia's love.

The tooth-ach cured by a kiss.

Fate's now grown mercifull to men,
 Turning disease to blifs:
 For had not kind Rheum vext me then,
 I might not *Celia* kifs.
 Phificians you are now my scorn:
 For I have found a way
 To cure diseases (when forlorne
 By your dull Art) which may
 Patch up a body for a time,
 But can restore to health,
 No more than Chimists can sublime
 True Gold, the Indies wealth.
 The Angel sure that us'd to move
 The pool, men so admir'd,
 Hath to her lip the fear of love,
 As to his heaven retir'd.

To the jealous Mistris.

Admit (thou darling of mine eies)
 I have some Idol lately fram'd:
 That under such a false disguise,
 Our true loves might the less be fam'd,

Cant

Canst thou that knowest my heart suppose,
He fall from thee, and worship those,

Remember (dear) how loath and slow

I was to cast a look or smile,
Or one love-line to mis-bestow,
Till thou hadst chang'd both face and stile,
And art thou grown afraid to see,
That mask put on thou mad'st for me?

I dare not call those childish fears,

Comming from love, much less from thee,
But wash away with frequent tears

This counterfeit Idolatry.

And henceforth kneel at ne'r a shrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

The Dart.

O Ft when I look, I may descry
A little face peep through that eye;
Sure that's the boy, which wisely chose
His throne among such beams as those,
Which if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to kill withall.

The

The Mistake.

When on fair *Celia* I d d spy
 A wounded heart of stone;
 The wound had almost made me cry,
 Sure this heart was my own.

But when I saw it was enthron'd
 In her celestiall breast:
 O then! I it no longer own'd,
 For mine was ne'r so blest.

Yet it in highest heavens do shine
 Each constant Martyrs heart:
 Then she may well give rest to mine,
 That for her sake doth smart.

VVhere seated in so high a blifs,
 Though wounded, it shall live:
 Death enters not in Paradise,
 The place free life doth give.

Or if the place less sacred were,
 Did but her saving eie
 Bath my sick heart in one kind teare,
 Then should I never die.

Slight balms may heal a slighter sore,

No medicin less divine

Can ever hope for to restore

A wounded heart like mine.

To my Lord Admirall, on his late sickness,
and recovery.

VWith joy like ours, the Thracian youth invade
Orpheus, returning from th'Elyſian ſhade,
Embrace the Heroe, and his ſtay implore,
Make it their publike ſute he would no more
Deſert them ſo, and for his Spouſes ſake,
His vaniſht love, tempt the Lethraan Lake;
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
Ambitious all his loſty bed to climbe,
Their doubtfull hopes with expectation feed,
Which ſhall the fair *Euridice* ſucceed;
Euridice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes liſtning Trees, and ſavage Mountaines groan,
Through all the Ayre his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow like that, which touch'd our hearts of late,
Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the Land affecting, and the Mayn,
When the glad newes that you were Admirall,
Scarce through the Nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all

L

That

That our great CHARLES, whose wisdom shines in
Should be perplexed how to chuse a new :
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst it gave our soules relief,
That in our Age such sense of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.

Nature, her fairest light eclipsed, seemes
Her self so suffer in these sad extremes,
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those checks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threatned, and the sap, in thee
Droop all the branches of that noble Tree,
Their beauties they, and we our love suspend,
Nought can our wishes, save thy health intend :
As Lillies over-charg'd with rain they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend,
Fold thee within their snowy armes, and cry,
He is too faultless, and too young to die:
So like Immortals, round about thee They
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.
Who would not languish, by so fair a train
To be lamented, and restor'd again ?
Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go.
Though to the Blest ? O'r young Adonis so
Faire Venus mourn'd, and with the precious shewr
Of her warm teares cherisht the springing flower.

The next support, fair hope, of your great name,
 And second Pillar of that noble frame,
 By loss of thee would no advantage have,
 But step by step pursues thee to thy grave.

And now relentless Fate about to end
 The line, which backward doth so far extend,
 That Antique stock, which still the world supplies
 With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes,
 And *Phæbus* interposing bade me stay,
 Such stormes no more shall shake that house, but say,
 Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-born Niece shall be
 The shining glories of the Land and Sea,
 With courage guard, and beauty warm our Age,
 And Lovers fill with like Poetique rage.

On Mistris N. to the green sickness.

Stay coward blood, and doe not yield
 To thy pale sister, beauties field,
 Who there displaying round her white
 Ensignes, hath usurp'd thy night;
 Invading thy peculiar throne,
 The lip, where thou shouldst rule alone;
 And on the cheek, where natures care
 Allotted each an equal share,

Her spreading Lilly only grows,
Whose milky deluge drowns thy Rose;

Quit not the field faint blood, nor rush
In the short fallacy of a blush
Vpon thy sister foe, but strive
To keep an endless warre alive;
Though peace doe petty States maintain;
Here warre alone makes beauty reign;

Vpon a Mole in Celia's bosome.

That lovely spot which thou dost see
In *Celia's* bosome was a Bee;

Who built her amorous spicy nest
E'th' Hyblas of her either breast,
But from close Ivory Hyves, she flew
To suck the Aromatick dew
Which from the neighbour vale distills,
Which parts those two twin-sister hills,
There feasting on Ambrosiall meat,
A rowling file of Balmy sweat,
(As in soft murmurs before death,
Swan-like she sung) chokt up her breath;
So she in water did expire,
More precious than the Phœnix fire;

Yet still her shadow there remains
 Confined to those Elizian plains;
 With this strict Law, that who shall lay
 His bold lips on that milky way,
 The sweet, and smart, from thence shall bring
 Of the Bees Honey, and her sting.

An Hymeneall Song on the Nuptials of
 the Lady *Ann Wentworth*, and
 the Lord *Lovelace*.

Break not the slumbers of the Bride,
 But let the Sun in Triumph ride,
 Scattering his beamy light;

When she awakes, he shall resigne
 His rays: And she alone shall shine
 in glory all the night.

For she till day return must keep
 An Amorous Vigil, and not sleep
 Her sayr eyes in the dew of sleep.

Yet gently whisper as she lies;
 And say her Lord waits her arise.

The Priests at the Altar stand,

With Flowry wreathes the Virgin crew

Attend while some with roses strew,

And Mirtles trim the way,

Now to the Temple, and the Priest,

See her convoid, thence to the Feast;

Then back to bed, though nor to rest.

For now to crown his faith and truth,

We must admit the noble youth

To dwell in Loves Sphere.

To rule as chiefe Intelligence

That Orb, and happy time dispence

To wretched Lovers here.

For there exalted farre above,

All hope, fear, change, or they to move

The wheel that spins the fates of Love.

They know no night, nor glaring noon

Measure no houres of Sun or Moon,

Nor mark time's restless Glas.

Their kisses measure as they flow,

Minutes, and there embraces show

The bowens as they pass.

their Moions, the yeares Circle make,
 And we from their conjunctions take,
 To make Love an Almanack.

A married Woman

When I shall marry, if I doe not find
 A wife thus moulded, I'll create this mind;
 Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
 Beauty, or wit, shall she derive a power
 To prejudice my Right, but if she be
 A subject born, she shall be so to me:
 As to the soul the flesh, as Appetire
 To reason is, which shall our wils unite
 In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway
 Shall once appear, if she but learn to be.
 For in habituall vertues, sense is wrought
 To that calm temper, as the bodie's thought
 To have nor blood, nor gall, if wild and rude
 Passions of Lust, and Anger, are subdu'd;
 When 'tis the fair obedience to the soul,
 Doth in the birth those swelling Acts controul.
 If I in murder steep my furious rage,
 Or with Adult'ry my hot lust assuage,
 Will it suffice to say my sense, the Beast
 Provokt me to't? could I my soul devest,

My plea were good. Lyons, and Bulls commit
 Both freely, but man must in judgement sit,
 And tame this Beast, for Adam was not free,
 When in excuse he said, Eve gaye it me :
 Had he not eaten, she perhaps had been
 Vnpunisht, his consent made hers a sinne.

A divine Love.

WHy should dul Art, which is wise Natures Ape,
 If she produce a shape
 So farre beyond all paterne, that of old
 Fell from her mold
 As thine (admir'd *Lucinda*) not bring forth
 An equall wonder, to expresse that worth
 In some new way, that hath
 Like her great work, no print of vulgar path?

Is it because the rapes of Poetry,
 Rifeling the spacious sky
 Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
 Did those dispence
 On ayrie creations that surpass
 The reall workes of Nature, she at last

To prove their raptures vain,
 they'd such a light as Poets could not feign?

Or is it 'cause the factious wits did vie

With vain Idolatry,

Whose Goddess was supreme, and so had hurl'd

Schism through the world,

Whose Priest sung sweetest layes ; thou didst appear

A glorious mysteric, so dark, so clear,

As Nature did intend

All should confess, but none might comprehend?

Perhaps all other beauties share a light

Proportion'd to the light

Of weak mortality, scatt'ring such loose fires,

As fire desires,

And from the brain distill salt amorous rhyms,

Whilst thy immortall flame such dross consumes,

And from the earthy mold

With purging fires severs the purer gold.

If so, then why in Fames immortall scrowl,

Doe we their names inroul,

Whose

Whole easie hearts, and wanton eyes did swear

With sensuall heat ?

If *Petrark's* unarm'd bosome catch a wound

From a light glance, must *Laura* be renown'd ?

Or both a glory gain,

He from ill-govern'd Love, she from Disdain ?

Shall he more fam'd in his great Art become,

For wilfull martyrdom ?

Shall she more title gain to chaste and fair

Through his despair ?

Is Troy more noble 'cause to ashes turn'd ?

Than Virgin Cities that yet never burn'd ?

Is fire when it consumes

Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes ?

7.

Cause *Venus* from the Ocean took her form

Must Love needs be a storm ?

Cause she her wanton shrines in Islands reares,

Through seas of tears,

O'r Rocks, and Gulphs, with our own sighs for gales,

Must we to Cyprus, or to Paphos sayl ?

Can there no way be given,

But a true Hell that leads to her false Heaven.

Love

Loves Force.

IN the first ruder Age, when Love was wild,
 Not yet by Lawes reclam'd, nor reconcil'd
 To order, nor by Reason mann'd, but flew
 All-summ'd by Nature, on the instant view
 Upon the wings of Appetite, at all
 The eye could fair, or sense delightfull call:
 Election was not yet, but as their cheap
 Food from the Oak, or the next Acorn heap,
 As water from the nearest spring or brook,
 Women their undistinguish'd females took
 By chance, not choyce; but soon the heavenly spark
 That in mans bosome lurkt, broke through this dark
 Confusion, then the noblest breast first felt
 Itself, for its own proper object melt.

A Fancy.

MARK how this polish'd Eastern sheet
 Doth with our Northern tincture meet;
 For though the paper seem to sink,
 Yet it receives, and bears the Ink;
 And on her smooth soft brow these spots
 Seem rather ornaments than blot;

Like

Like those you Ladies use to place
 Mysteriously about your face;
 Not only to set off and break
 Shaddowes and Eye beams, but to speak
 To the skild Lover, and relate
 Vnheard, his sad or happy Fate:
 Nor doe their Characters delight,
 As careless workes of black and white;
 But 'cause you underneath may find
 A sense that can informe the mind;
 Divine, or moral rules impart
 Or Raptures of Poetick Art:
 So what at first was only fir
 To fold up filkes, may wrap up wit.

Calum

Coelum Britannicum.

A

M A S K E

A T

WHITE-HALL IN
the Banqueting House,
on Shrove-Tuesday-night,
the 18. of February,
1633.

The Inventors.

Tho. Carew.

Inigo Jones.

*Non habet ingenium ; Cæsar sed jussit: habebat.
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for HUM. MOSELEY
and are to be sold at his Shop at the
signe of the Princes Armes in St.
Pauls-Church-yard. 1651:

Cochran & Co. Ltd.

MASK

AT

WHITEHALL IN

the Banding House

on Street 1 north side

the 18. of February

1833.

The Inventors.

John Jones.

Thos. Carter.

For the purpose of the present invention, the following is a full and complete description of the same, in which the nature of the invention is fully explained, and the manner in which the same is to be performed is fully described.

LONDON.

Printed for H. M. Moore
and to be sold at his shop in the
City of the Strand, at the
Church-yard, 1833.

THE
DESCRIPTION
OF THE SCENE.

THe first thing that presented it selfe to the sight, was a rich Ornament that enclosed the Scene; in the upper part of which were great branches of Foliage growing out of leaves and huskes, with a Coronice at the top; and in the midst was placed a large Compartment composed of Gro-
 work work, wherein were Harpies with Wings and Lyons claws, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches; over all was a broken Frontispice, wrought with crowles and masque heads of Children, and within this a Table adorn'd with a lesser Compartment, with this Inscription, *COELVM BRITANNICVM*. The two sides of this Ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square Basement, and on the Plinth stood a great vase of gold, richly encha-
 sed, and beautified with Sculptures of great Reliefe, with frutages hanging from the upper-
 part; At the foot of this late two youths naked, in their naturall colours, each of these with one arme supported the Vase, on the co-
 ver of which stood two young women in Draperies, arme in arme, the one figuring the
 glory

glory of Princes, and the other Mansuetude: their other armes bore up an Ovall, in which, to the Kings Majesty was this Imprese, A Lyon with a n Imperiall Crown on his head; the word, *Animus sub pectore forti*: On the other side was the like Composition, but the designe of the Figures varied; and in the Ovall on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Imprese to the Queenes Majesty, A Lilly growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser Lillies springing out of the Stem; the word, *Semper inclita Virtus*: All this Ornament was heightened with Gold, and for the Invention, and various composition was the newest and most gracious that hath been done in this place.

The Curtaine was watchet, and a pale yellow in panes, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the Scene, representing old Arches, old Palaces, decayed wals, parts of Temples, Theaters, Basilica's and Thermes with confused heaps of broken Columnes, Bases, Coronices and Statues, lying as under-ground, and altogether resembling the ruines of some great Citie of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Britains. This strange prospect detain'd the eyes of the Spectators sometime, when to a loud Musick *Mercury* descends; on the upper part of his Chariot stands a Cock in action of crowing: his habit was a Coat of flame colour girt to him, and a white Mantele trimm'd with gold and silver; upon his head a wreath with small fells of white Feathers, a Caduceus in his hand, and wings

ings at his heels: being come to the ground he
 mounts, and goes up to the State.

Mercury

From the high Senate of the gods, to You
 Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majesty,
 before whose Throne three warlike Nations bend
 their willing knees, on whose Imperiall browes
 The Regall Circle prints no awfull frownes
 To fright your Subjects, but whose calmer eyes
 shed joy and safety on their melting hearts
 That flow with cheerfull loyall reverence,
 Come I *Cyllenius*, *Jove's* Ambassadour,
 Not as of old, to whisper amorous tales
 Of wanton love, into the glowing eare
 Of some choyce beauty in this numerous train;
 Those dayes are fled, the rebell flame is quench'd
 In heavenly breasts, the gods have sworn by *Styx*,
 Never to tempt yeelding mortality
 To loose embraces. Your exemplar life
 Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
 Of imitation through your vertuous Court,
 By whose bright blaze your Palaco is become
 The envy'd pattern of this under world,
 But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven;
 Th'immortall bosoms burn with emulous fires,
 Your rivals your great vertues, Royall Sir,
 And *Iuno*, Madam, your attractive graces;
 He his wild lusts, her raging jealousies
 She layes aside, and through th'*Olympique* hall,
 As yours doth here, their great Example spreads:
 And though of old, when youthfull blood conspir'd
 With his new Empire, prone to hearts of lust,
 He acted incests, rapes, adulteries
 On earthly beauties, which his raging Queen,
 Swoln with revengefull fury turn'd to beasts,

M

And

And in despite he transform'd to Stars,
 Till hee had fill'd the crowded Firmament
 With his loose Strumpets, and their spurious race,
 Where the eternall records of his shame
 Shine to the world in flaming Characters;
 When in the Chrystall myrour of your raig
 He view'd himself, he found his loathsome stains;
 And now to expiate the infectious guilt
 Of those detested luxuries hee'll chase
 Th'infamous lights from their usurped Sphere,
 And drown in the Ethean flood, their curs'd
 Both names and memories. In whose vacant roomes,
 First you succeed, and of the wheeling Orbe
 In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
 With dazeling beames, and spread'ng magnitude,
 Shine the bright Pole starre of this Hemisphære,
 Next, by your side, in a triumphant Chaire,
 And crown'd with *Ariadne's* Diadem,
 Sits the faire Consort of your heart, and Throne;
 Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
 As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
 Hee'll fix this Noble train, of either sexe;
 So to the British stars this lower Globe
 Shall owe its light, and they alone dispence
 To th' world a pure refined influence.

Enter *Momus* attired in a long darkish Robe, all
 wrought over with poyards, Serpent
 tongues, eyes and eares, his beard and hair
 party-coloured, and upon his head a wreath
 sticke with Feathers, and a Porcupine in the
 forepart.

Momus.

BY your leave, Mortals, Good Cozen *He*
mes, your pardon good my Lord Ambassa-
 dour

our: I found the tables of your Armes and Titles, in every Inne betwixt this and *Olympus*, where your present expedition is registred, your nine thousandth nine hundred ninety ninth Legation. I cannot reach the policy why your Master breeds so few Statel men, it suits not with his dignity, that in the whole Emperyum there should not be a god fit to send on these honourable errands but your selfe, who are not yet so careful of his honour or your owne, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant: the Hosts upon the high-way cry out with open mouth upon you for supporting plafery in your traine; which, though as you are the god of petty Larceny, you might protect yet you know it is directly against the new orders, and opposes the Reformation in Diameter.

Merc. Peace Rayler, bridle your licentious tongue.

And let this Presence teach you modesty.

Mom. Let it if it can; in the meane time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know, gay people, that though your poets who enjoy by patent a particular privilege to draw down any of the Deities from Twelf-night till Shrove-tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar enter-course between the two Courts, have as yet never invited mee to these Solemnities, yet it shall appear by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable person upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such

entertainments, My name is *Momus ap-Somnus-
 ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demorgorgon-ap-Eternity*,
 My Offices and Titles are, The Supreme Theo-
 mastix, Hupercritique of manners, proconotary
 of abuses, Arch-Informer, Dilator Generall,
 Vniuersall Calumniator, Eternall plaintiffe, and
 perpetuall Foreman of the Grand Inquest. My
 privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory,
 speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory, immu-
 nity over all the privy lodgings, behind hang-
 ings, doores, curtaines, through key-holes,
 chinks, windowes, about all Venerial Lobbies,
 Skonces, or Redoubts, though it bee to the
 surprize of a perdu Page or Chambermaid, in and
 at all Courts of civill and criminall judicature,
 all Counsels, Consultations, and parliamentary
 Assemblies, where though I am but a Wool-sack
 god, and have no vote in the sanction of new
 lawes, I have yet a prerogative of wresting the
 old to any whatsoever interpretation, whe-
 ther it be to the behoofe, or prejudice, of *Ju-
 piter*, his Crowne and Dignity, for, or against
 the Rights of either house of patrician or
 plebeian gods. My naturall qualities are to make
Iove frowne, *Iuno* pout, *Mars* chafe, *Venus*
 blush, *Vulcan* glow, *Saturne* quake, *Cynthia*
 pale, *Phabus* hide his face, and *Mercury* here
 take his heeles. My recreations are witty mis-
 chiefes, as when *Saturne* guelt his Father.
 The Smith caught his wife and her *Bravo* in a
 net of Cobweb-Iron; and *Hebe*, through the
 Lubricity

lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the
 Halfpace, presented the Embleme of the forked
 tree, and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the
 snowie cliffs of Calabria with the Grotta of Pu-
 reolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect
 knowledge of me, by the familiar illustration of a
 Bird of mine own feather, old *Peter Aretine*, who
 reduc'd all the Scepters and Myters of that Age
 tributary to his wit, was my parallell, and *Franko*
Rablais suck'd much of my milke too; but your
 moderne French *Hospital* of Oratory, is a meer
 counterfeit, an arrant Mountebank; for though
 fearing no other fortunes than his Sciatica, hee
 discourse of Kings and Queens with as little Re-
 verence as of Grooms and Chambermaids, yet
 he wants their fangteeth, and Scorpions tayl; I
 meane that fellow, who to adde to his stature
 thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes
 like a Dog in a doublet, than to walke like other
 men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more impertinent Trifeler, you dis-
 turb

The great Affair with your rude scurrilous chat.
 What doth the knowledge of your abject state
 Concern *Loves* solemn Message?

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have
 a more especiall Commission of employment
 from *Jupiter*, and a larger entertainment from his
 Exchequer, yet as a freeborn God I have the li-
 berty to travell at mine own charges, without
 your passe or countenance Legacine; and that

may appear a sedulous acute observer, may know as much as a dull flegmaticke Ambassador, and weares a trible key to unlock the mysterious Cyphers of your darke secrecies. I will discourse the politique state of Heaven to this trim Audience —

As this the Scene changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a Sphere, with Stars placed in their severall Images: born up by a huge naked Figure (onely a peece of Drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards, as if the great weight lying on his shoulders oppressed him: upon his head a Crowne by which he might easily be known to be *Jehovah*. — You shall understand that *Jupiter* upon the inspection of I know not what vertuous Presidents extant (as they say) here in this Court, but as I more probably ghesse out of the consideration of the decay of his naturall abilities, hath before a frequent convocation of the Superlunary Poets in a solemn oration recanted, disclaymed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious extravagancies, & notorious enormities of his former licentious life, and taken his oath on *his* Breviary, religiously kissing the two-leaved Book, never to stretch his limbs more betwixe adulterous sheets, and hath with patheticall remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoyned, a respective conformity in the severall subordinate Deities, and because the Libertines of Antiquity, the Ribald Poets, to perpetuate the

memory

memory and example of their triumphs over
 history, to all future imitation, have in their im-
 mortal songs celebrated the martyrdom of those
 trumpets under the persecution of the wives,
 and devolved to posterity the pedigrees of their
 whores, bawds, and bastards, it is therefore
 by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this
 whole Army of Constellations be immediately
 disbanded and cashiered, so to remove all impu-
 nation of impiety from the Caelestiall Spirits, and
 all lust-full influences upon terrestriall bodies, and
 consequently that there be an Inquisition erected
 to expunge in the Ancient, and suppress in the
 modern and succeeding Poems and pamphlets,
 all past present and future mention of those ab-
 surd heresies, and to take particular notice of all
 ensuing Incontinences, and punish them in their
 high Commission Court. Am not I in election to
 be a tall States-man think you, that can repeat a
 passage at a Counsell-table thus punctually?

Merc. I shun in vaine the importunity.
 With which this Snarler vexeth all the gods,
Ioue cannot scape him: wel, what els from heaven?

Mom. Heaven! Heaven is no more the place
 it was, a Cloyster of Carthusians, a Monastery of
 converted gods, *Ioue* is grown old and fearfull,
 apprehends a subversion of his Empire, and doubts
 lest Fate should introduce a legal succession in the
 legitimate heir, by repossessing the Titanian line,
 and hence springs all this innovation. Wee have
 had new orders read in the presence Chamber, by

the Vi President of *Parnassus*, too strict to be observed long, Monopolies are called in, sophistication of wares punished, and rates imposed on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly Beverage of a narcotique weed which hath rendered the *Idææ*s confus'd in the Divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in *Saturnes* Reign. Edicts are made for the restoring of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the repayr of Families to the Metropolis, but this endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of soliciting businesses in their own persons, and leaving their husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. *Bacchus* hath commanded all Taverns to be shut, and no liquor drawn after ten at night. *Cupid* must goe no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoyned to make him breeches, though of his mothers petticoats. *Ganymede* is forbidden the Bed-chamber, and must onely Minister in publike. The Gods must keepe no Pages, nor Groomes of their Chamber, under the age of 25, and those provided of a competent stocke of beard. *Pan* may not pipe, nor *Proteus* juggle, but by especial permissiō. *Vulcan* was brought to an Oretus and fined, for driving in a plate of Iron into one of the Suns Chariot-wheels, and frost-nailing his horses upon the fifth of *November* last, for breach of a penal Statute, prohibiting work upon *Holi-dayes*, that being the annuall celebration of

the Gygantomacy. In brief, the whole state of the Hierarchy suffers a totall reformation, especially in the point of reciprocation, of conjugall affection. *Venus* hath confest all her adulteries, and is receiv'd to grace by her husband, who conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allowes those levities as an equall counterpoize; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her Ivery hand his collied cheeks, and with her snowie fingers combing his sooty beard. *Jupiter* too begins to learn to lead his owne wife, I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universall obedience, where the Lawgiver himself in his own person observes his decrees so punctually, who besides, to eternize the memory of that great example of Matrimoniall union which he derives from hence, hath on his Bed-chamber doore and feeling, fretted with flames, in capitall Letters, engraven the Inscription of *CARLO-MARIA*. This is as much I am sure as either your knowledge or Instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without State, formality, politique inferences, or suspected Rhetoricall elegancies; already delivered, you may now dexterously proceed to the second Part of your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly sparks up in the Embers, or reducing the Etheriall lights to their primitive opacity, and grosse dark subsistence: they are all unrivited from the Sphere, and hang loose in their sockets.

sockets, where they but attend the waving of your Caduce, and immediatly they re-invest their pristine shapes, and appear before you in their own naturall deformities.

Merc. *Momus* thou shalt prevail, for since thy bold Intrusion hath inverted my resolves, I must obey necessity, and thus turn My face, to breath the Thunders just decree Gainst this adulterate sphere, which first I purge OF loathsome Monsters, and mis-shapen formes, Down from her azure concave, thus I charm The Lyræan Hydra, the rough ualick'd Bear, The watchfull Dragon, the storm-boarding Whale, The Centaur, the horn'd Goatfish Capricorn, The Snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar: Divested of your gorgeons starry robes, Fall from the circling Orb, and e'r you suck Fresh venom in, measure this happy earth, Then to the Fens, Caves, Forrests, Desarts, Seas, Fly, and resume your native qualities.

Thy dance in those monstrous shapes, the first Antimask of naturall deformity.

Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim Play-fellowes for the Deities? yet these and their fellows have made up all our conversation for some thousands of years. Doe not you fair Ladies acknowledge your selves deeply engaged now to those Poets your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallell with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society? Hath not the consideration of these Inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contem-
dlation

tion of the place? but now that these heavenly
mansions are to be void, you that shall hereafter
be found unlodged will become mexcusable; espe-
cially since vertue alone shall be sufficient title,
and rent: yet if there be a Lady not compe-
tently stock'd that way, shee shall not on the in-
stant utterly despair, if she carry a sufficient power
of handiomenesse: for however the letter of the
law runs, *Jupiter* notwithstanding his Age and
austere austerity, will never refuse to stamp bea-
uty, and make it current with his own Impression;
as to such as are destitute of both, I can afford
but small encouragement. Proceed *Coten Alder-
my*, what follows?

Mere. Look up, and mark where the bright Zodiacke
hangs like a Belt about the breast of heaven;
On the right shoulder, like a flaming Jewell,
His shell with nine rich Topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this Tropique, sits the skulding Crab,
He, when the Sun gallop in full career
His annual race, his gaitly elawes uprear'd,
Frights at the confines of the torrid Zone
The fiery team, and proudly stops their course,
Making a solstice, till the fierce Steeds learn
His backward paces, and so retrograde,
Poste downe hill to th' opposed Capricorn.
Thus I depose him from his lofty Throne;
Drop from the sky, into the briny flood,
There teach thy motion to the ebbing Sea,
But let those fires that beautify thy shell
Take humane shapes, and the disorder show
Of thy regressive paces here below,

The second Antimasque is danc'd in retrograde po-
ses, expressing obliquity in motion

Mom. This Crab, I confesse, did ill become
the heavens, but there is another that more infests
the Earth, and makes such a solstice in the pos-
ter Arts and Sciences, as they have not been ob-
served for many Ages to have made any sensible
advance: could you but lead the learned squa-
drons with a masculine resolution past this point
of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind
worthy the power of a god, and to bee payd
with Altars; but that not being the worke
this night, you may pursue your purposes: what
now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that unbodied, in the Appetite
Erects his Throne, hath yet, in bestiall shapes,
Branded, by Nature, with the Character
And distinct stamp of some peculiar Ill,
Mounted the Sky, and fix'd his Trophies there:
As fawning flattery in the little Dog;
I'th' bigger, churlish Murmur; Cowardize
I'th' timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle;
Rapine and Avarice in th' adventurous Ship:
That sayl'd to Colchos for the golden fleece;
Drunken distemper in the Goblet flowes;
I'th' Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;
In Hercules and the Lyon, furious rage;
Vaine Ostentation in Cassiope;
All these I to eternall exile doome,
But to this place their Emblem'd Vices summon;
Clad in those proper Figures, by which best
Their incorporeall nature is exprest.

The third Antimasque is danc'd of these severall
vices, expressing their deviation from Vertue.

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no more
said in the Proverb, when you would expresse
notorious Assembly, That hell but Heaven is broke
loose: this was an arrant Goale-delivery, all the
Prisons of your great Cities could not have vo-
lated more corrupt matter: but Cozen Cylenti-
us, in my judgement it is not safe that these infe-
rious persons should wander here to the hazard
of this Island, they threatned lesse danger when they
were nayl'd to the Firmament: I should con-
ceive it a very discreet course, since they are pro-
vided of a tall vessell of their own ready rigg'd,
to imbarque them all together in that good ship
called the Argo, and send them to the plantation
in *New-England*, which hath purg'd more viru-
lent humours from the politique body, than *Guaia-*
cum and all the West-Indian drugs have from the
naturall bodies of this Kingdome. Can you de-
vise how to dispose them better?

Merc. They cannot breathe this pure and temperate

Ayre

Where Vertue lives, but will with hasty flight,
Mongst fogs and vapours, seek unbound abodes.
Fly after them, from your usurped seats,
You foul remainders of that vaporous brood:
Let not a Starve of a luxurious race
With his loose blaze stain the skies chrystall face.

Al

*All the Stars are quenched, and the Sphere
darkened.*

Before the entry of every Antimasque, the stars in those figures in the Spheare which they were to represent, were extinct; so as, by the end of the Antimasques in the Spheare no more Stars were seene.

Mom. Here is a totall Ecclipse of the eighth Sphere, which neither *Booker*, *Allestre*, nor any of your Prognosticators, no nor their great Master *Tico* were aware of; but yet in my opinion there were some innocent, and some generous Constellations, that might have been reserved for Noble uses: as the Scales and Swor to adorn the statue of Iustice, since she resides here on earth only in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had beene a fit present for the Germans, in regard their Bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The Dolphin too had beene most welcome to the French, and then had you but clapt *Percus* on his *Pegasus*, brandishing his sword, the Dragon yawning on his back under the horses feet, with *Python* dart through his throat, there had beene a Divine *St. George* for this Nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it now rests only that we provide an immediate succession, and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free Election.

*O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of men,*

(Whereas)

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practise taken into frequent use by the Princes of these latter Ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, sieges, battels, victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapistry, Embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their publike palaces, and taken into Our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas- hanging of the Guard Chamber of this Court, wherein the Navall Victory of '88. is to the eternall glory of this Nation exactly delineated; and whereas We likewise out of a prophetickall imitation of this so laudable custome, did for many thousand years before, adorne and beautifie the eighth room of Our celestiall Mansion, commonly called the Star-chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, achievements, feats and defeats, performed in Our Own person, whilst yet Our Standard was erected, and we a Combatant in the Amorous warfare, It hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation, and long debate, held first in our own inscrutable bosome, and afterwards communicated with Our Privie Counsell, seemed meet to Our Omnipotency, for causes to Our self best known, to unfurnish and dis-array Our fore-said Starre-Chamber of all those Ancient Constellations which have for so many Ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places, such Persons only as shall be qualified with exemplar Vertue and eminent Desert, there

to shine in indelible Characters of glory to all posterity. It is therefore Our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of our own free and proper motion, meere grace, and speciall favour, by these presents to specifie and declare to all our loving people, that it shall be lawfull for any Person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or her selfe to be really endued with any Heroicall Vertue, or transcendent Merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their severall pleas and pretences before Our Right trusty and Wel-beloved Cozen, and Counsellor, Don *Mercury*, and god *Momus*, &c. Our peculiar Delegates for that affair, upon whom we have transferr'd an absolute power to conclude, and determine without Appeal or Revocation, accordingly as to their wisdomes it shall in such cases appeare behovefull and expedient. Given at Our palace in *Olympus* the first day of the first moneth, in the first yeare of the Reformation,

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a bunched back, and attir'd in a Robe of Cloath of gold.

Plutus appears.

Merc. Who's this appears?

Mom. This is a subterranean Fiend, *Plutus*, in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of Gold; a poyson hid by Providence in the botome of the Seas, and Navill of the Earth, from mans discovery, where if the seeds begun to sprout
above

above ground; the excreſcence was carefully guarded by Dragons; yet at laſt by humane curioſity brought to light, to their owne deſtruction; this being the true *Pandora's* box, whence iſſued all thoſe miſchiefs that now fill the Vniuerſe,

Plut. That I prevent the meſſage of the gods
Thus with my haſte, and not attend their ſummons,
Which ought in Juſtice call me to the place
I now require of Right, is not alone
To ſhew the juſt precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th'immortall Powers;
But to exclude the hope of partiall Grace
In all Pretenders, who, ſince I deſcend
To equall tryall, muſt by my example,
Vaving your favour, claym by ſole Deſert.

If Vertue muſt inheriſt, ſhee's my ſlave;
I lead her captive in a golden chayn,
About the world: She takes her Form and Being
From my creation; and thoſe barren ſeeds
That drop from heaven, if I not cheriſh them
With my diſtilling dewes, and ſotiv'e heat,
They know no vegeration; but expoſ'd
To blaſting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not ſhoot forth at all, or budding, wither,
Should I proclaim the daily ſacrifice
Brought to my Temples by the toyling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject Beaſts,
But humane ſweat, and blood powr'd on my Altars,
I might provoke the envy of the god.
Turn but your eyes and mark the buſie world,
Climbing ſteep Mountains for the ſparkling ſtones,
Piercing the Center for the ſhining Ore,
And th'Oceans boſome to rake pearly ſands,
Croſſing the torrid and the frozen Zones
Midſt Rocks and ſwallowing Gulſes for gainfull trade,

And through opposing swords, fire, murdering
 Stealing the walled Towns for precious spoyle,
 Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats,
 These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
 Advance his desperate foot: yet am I sought,
 And sit in vain, through these and greater hazards,
 I could discover how your Deities
 Are for my sake sleighted, despis'd, abus'd,
 Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images,
 Uncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and dis-array'd
 By sacrilegious hands: yet is this treasure
 To th' golden Mountain, where I sit ador'd,
 With superstitious solemn rights convey'd,
 And becomes sacred there, the sordid wretch
 Not daring touch the consecrated Oke,
 Or with prophane hands lessen the bright heap:
 But this might draw your anger down on mortals
 For daring to take the homage due to you:
 Yet what is laid asy well exceeds my power
 Too great for Earth, and only fit for Heavens;
 Now, for your pastime, view the naked rooy,
 Which in the dirty earth, and base mould drown'd,
 Sends forth this precious Plant, and golden fruit,
 You lusty Swaines, that to your grazing Flocks
 Pipe amorous Roundelayes, you toying Hinds,
 That barbe the fields, and to your merry Teams
 Whistle your passions, and you mining Moles,
 That in the bowels of your mother- Earth
 Dwell the eternall burthen of her wombe,
 Cease from your labours, which Wealth bids you play,
 Sing, dance, and keep a cheerfull holy-day.

*They dance the fourth Antimasque, consisting
 of Country people, musicks and measures.*

*Here, Plutus, the gods know and confess your power
 Which feeble Vertuge seldom can resist;*

Stronger

stronger than Towers of brass, or Chastity
 You knew you when he courted *Danaë*,
 And Cupid weares you on that Arrows head
 That still prevailes. But the gods keep their Throne,
 To enstall Vertue, not her Enemies:
 They tread thy force, which even themselves have felt;
 Witness *Mount Ida*, where the *Martiall Maid*,
 And frowning *Juno*, did to mortall eyes
 Naked, for gold, their sacred bodies show;
 Therefore for ever be from heaven banish'd,
 For since with toyl from undiscover'd Worlds
 Thou art brought hither, where thou first wast bred;
 The thirst of Empire, into Regall breasts,
 And frightedst quiet Peace from her *inviolat* Throne,
 Filling the world with tumult, blood, and warre,
 Follow the Camps of the contentious earth,
 And be the Conquerers slave, but he that can
 Or conquer thee, or give thee Vertuous stamp,
 Shall shine in heaven a pure immortall Lamp.

Mom. Nay stay, and take my benediction
 Along with you. I could, being here a Co-Judge,
 Like others in my place, now that you are con-
 demn'd, either rayl at you, or break jests upon
 you, but I rather chuse to lose a word of good
 counsel, and entreat you be more carefull in your
 choyse of company: for you are alwayes found
 either with Misers, that not use you at all, or
 with fooles, that know not how to use you well.
 Be not hereafter so reserv'd and coy to men of
 worth and parts, and so you shall gaine such cre-
 dit, as at the next Sessions you may be heard with
 better successe. But till you are thus reformed, I
 pronounce this positive sentence. That
 wheresoever you shall chuse to abide, your
 society

society shall adde no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance or totall absence, be matter of disparagement to any man; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemn'd to wear perpetuall Motley, unlesse he recant his opinion. Now you may voyd the Court.

Pania enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her haire started up like a fury, her Robe was of a dark colour ful of patches, about one of her hands was tied a chaine of Iron, to which was fastned a weighty stone, which she bore up under her arm.

Merc. What Creature's this?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other, they move like Two Buckets, or as two nayles drive out one another; If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt (Great and Immortal Powers) But that the place your wisdom hath deny'd My foe, your Iustice will conferre on me; Since that which renders him incapable, Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend, Even in these rags, a larger Sovereignty Then gaudy Wealth in all his pompe can boast; For mark how few they are that share the World: The numerous Armies, and the swarming Ants That fight and toyle for them, are all my Sublects, They take my wages, weare my Livery: Invention too and Wit, are both my creatures, And the whole race of Vertue is my Off-spring; As many mischiefs issue from my wombe,

And

And those as mighty, as proceed from gold.
 Off o'r his Throne I wave my awfull Scepter,
 And in the bowels of his state command,
 When 'midst his heaps of coyn, and hills of gold,
 I pine, and starve the avaritious Fool.
 But I decline those titles, and lay claim
 To heaven, by right of Divine contemplation ;
 She is my Darling, I, in my soft lap,
 Free from disturbing cares, bargains, accounts,
 Leases, Rents, Stewards, and the fear of theeves,
 That vex the rich, nurse her in calm repose,
 And with her, all the Vertues speculative,
 Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.

For entertainment of this hour, He call
 A race of people to this place, that live
 At Natures charge, and not importune heaven
 To chayne the winds up, or keep back the storms,
 To stay the thunder, or forbid the hayl
 To thresh the uneap'd ear ; but to all weathers,
 The chilling frost, and scalding Sun, expose
 Their equall face. Come forth, my swarthy train,
 In this faire circle dance, and as you move,
 Mark, and foretell happy events of Love.

*They dance the fifth Antimasque of
 Gypsies.*

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetual conversation with Poets and Philosophers hath furnished you with no more Logick, or that you should think to impose upon us so grosse an inference, as because *Plutus* and you are contrary, therefore whatsoever is denied of the one, must be true of the other ; as if it should follow of necessity, because hee is not *Iupiter*, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in

cavils with the gods, than to swallow such a fallacy, for though you two cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both, and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive: therefore let me advise you to marry your selfe to Content, and beget sage Apothegmes, and goodly morall Sentences in dispraise of Riches, and contempe of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poor needy wretch,

To claim a station in the Firmament,
Because thy humble Cottage, or thy Tub
Nurses some lazie or Pedantique vertue
In the cheape Sun-shine, or by shady Springs
With roots and pot-herbs, where thy right hand,
Tearing those humane passions from the mind,
Vpon whose stocks fair blooming vertues flourish,
Degradeth Nature, and benummeth sense,
And Gorgon-like, turnes active men to stone.
Wee nor require the dull society
Of your necessitated Temperance,
Or that unnaturall stupidity

That knowes nor joy nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
Falsly exalted passive Fortitude
Above the Active: This low abject brood,
That fix their seats in mediocrity,
Become your servile mind; but we advance
Such vertues only as admit exesse,
Brave bounteous Acts, Regall Magnificence,
All-seeing Prudence, Magnanimity
That knowes no bound, and that Heroick vertue
For which Antiquity hath left no name,
But patterns only, such as *Heracles*,
Achilles, *Theseus*. Back to thy loath'd cell,

And

and when thou seest the new enlighten'd Sphere,
 wdy to know but what those Worthies were.

Tyche enters, her head bald behind, and one
 great locke before, wings at her shoulders, and
 in her hand a wheel, her upper parts naked,
 and the skirt of her Garment wrought all over
 with Crownes, Scepters, Bookes, and such other
 things as expresse both her greatest and smallest
 gifts.

Mom. See where Dame *Fortune* comes; you
 may know her by her wheele, and that vayl over
 her eyes, 'with which she hopes like a feel'd pi-
 geon to mount above the Clouds, and perch in
 the eighth Sphere: listen, shee begins.

Fort. I come not here (you gods) to plead the Right,
 By which Antiquity assign'd my Deity,
 Though no peculiar station mongst the Stars,
 Yet generall power to rule their influence,
 Or boast the Title of Omnipotent,
 Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd *Iove*,
 Since you have cancell'd all those old Records;
 But confident in my good cause and merit,
 Claim a succession in the vacant Orb,
 From since *Astraea* fled to heaven, I sit
 Her Deputy on Earth, I hold her scales
 And weigh mens Fates out, who have made me blind
 Because themselves want eyes to see my causes;
 Call me inconstant, 'cause my workes surpass
 The shallow fathom of their humane reason;
 Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispence
 With my impartiall hands their constant loss,
 And if desertlesse, impious men engrosse
 My best rewards, the fault is yours, you gods,

That scant your graces to mortality,
 And niggards of your good, scarce spare the world
 One vertuous for a thousand wicked men;
 It is no errour to conferre dignity,
 But to bestow it on a vicious man;
 I gave the dignity, but you made the vice.
 Make you men good, and He make good men happy;
 That *Plutus* is refus'd, dismayes me not,
 Hee is my Drudge, and the externall pompe
 In which hee decks the World, proceeds from me,
 Not him; like Harmony, that not resides
 In strings, or notes, but in the hand and voyce.
 The revolutions of Empires, States,
 Scepters, and Crowns, are but my game and sport,
 Which as they hang on the events of Watre,
 So those depend upon my turning wheel.

You warlike Squadrons, who in battels joyn'd,
 Dispute the Right of Kings, which I decide,
 Present the modell of that martiall frame,
 By which, when Crowns are stak'd, I rule the game.

*They dance the sixth Antimasque, being the
 representation of a Battell.*

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso clamore*, for preferring a scandalous crosse-bill
 of rectrimination against the Gods, but your blind-
 nesse shall excuse you. Alas! what would it ad-
 vantage you, if vertue were as universall as vice
 is? it would only follow, that as the world
 now exclames upon you for exalting the vicious,
 it would then rail as fast at you for depressing
 the vertuous; so they would still keep their
 tune, though you chang'd their Ditty.

Mom.

Merc. The mists, in which future events are wrap'd;
 That oft succeed beside the purposes
 Of him that workes, his dull eyes not discerning
 The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
 To his enquiring search; so in the dark
 The groping world first found thy Deity,
 And gave thee rule over contingencies,
 Which, to the piercing eye of Providence,
 Being fix'd and certain, where past and to come
 Are allwayes present, thou dost dis-appear,
 Losest they being, and art not at all.
 Be thou then only a deluding Phantome,
 At best a blind guide, leading blinder fooles;
 Who, would they but survey their mutuall wants,
 And help each other, there were left no room
 For thy vain ayd. Wisedome, whose strong-built plots
 Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power,
 Industrious labour drags thee by the locks,
 Bound to his toyling Car, and not attending
 Till thou dispence, reaches his own reward,
 Only the lazic sluggard yawning lyes
 Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
 And licks the easie hand that feeds his sloath;
 The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
 Makes thee his state, disburdens all the folles
 Of his mis-guided actions, on thy shoulder,
 Vanish from hence, and seek those Ideors cut
 That thy fantastick god-head hath allow'd,
 And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Hedone. Pleasure, a young woman with a
 smiling face, in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd
 with Silver and gold, her Temples crown'd
 with a Garland of Roses, and over that a Rain-
 bow circling her head down to her shoulders.

Hedone

*Hedone enters.**Mora.* What woman's this?*Mora.* This is the sprightly Lady *Hedone*, merry Gamster, this people call her Pleasure.

Plea. The reasons (equall Judges) here alleg'd
 By the dismiss Pretenders, all concur
 To strengthen my just title to the Sphere;
 Honour, or Wealth, or the contempt of both,
 Have in themselves no simple reall good,
 But as they are the meanes to purchase pleasure;
 The paths that lead to my delicious Palace;
 They for my sake, I for mine own am priz'd.
 Beyond me nothing is. I am the Goale,
 The journeyes end, to which the sweating world,
 And wearied Nature travels. For this, the best
 And wisest sect of all Philosophers
 Made me the seat of supreme happinesse,
 And though some more austere, upon my ruines
 Did to the prejudice of Nature, raise
 Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas because
 They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch;
 Had they beene Princes born, themselves had prov'd
 Of all mankind the most luxurious
 For those delights, which to their low condition
 Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
 Suck'd and devour'd: from offices of State,
 From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, feares,
 Retir'd, the churlish Cynick in his Tub
 Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue defam'd.
 Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods;
 My necessary offices preserve
 Each single man, and propagate the kind,
 Then am I universall as the light,
 Or common Ayre we breath, and since I am
 The generall desire of all mankind,

Chill

Civill Felicity must reside in me,
 Tell me what rate my choicest pleasures bear,
 When for the short delight of a poore draught
 Of cheap cold water, great Lysimachus
 Rendred himselfe slave to the Scythians,
 Should I the curious structure of my tears,
 The art and beauty of my severall objects,
 Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve
 For every sense a proper constellation;
 But I present the Persons to your eyes.

Come forth my subtile Organs of delight,
 With changing figures please the curious eye,
 And charm the eare with moving Harmony.

*They dance the seventh Antimasque of the
 five senses.*

Merc. Bewitching Syren, guilded rottennelle,
 Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd
 Th' enamel'd out side, and the honied verge
 Of the fair cup, where deadly poyson lurks,
 Within, a thousand sorrowes dance the round;
 And like a shell, paine circles thee without,
 Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
 Which, as thy joyes ginn tow'rd their West decline,
 Doth to a Gyants spreading form extend
 Thy Dwarfish stature. Thou thy self art Pain,
 Greedy intense Desire, and the keen edge
 Of thy fierce Appetite oft strangles thee,
 And cuts thy slender thread, but still the terror
 And apprehension of thy hasty end,
 Mingles with Gall thy most refined sweets,
 Yet thy Cytherean charmes transform the world,
 Captaines, that have resisted warre and death,
 Nations, that over Fortune have triumph'd,
 Are by thy Magick made effeminate,
 Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles,
 Have

Have in thy wanton lap melted away.

Thou wert the Author of the first excesse

That drew this reformation on the gods.

Canst thou then dream, those Powers, that from heaven
Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cause ?

To thy voluptuous Denne, fly Witch from hence,
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I concurre, and am grown so weary
of these tedious pleadings, as Ile packe up too
and be gone : Besides, I see a crowd of other
sutors pressing hither, Ile stop'em, take their
petitions and preferre'em above ; and as I came
in bluntly without knocking, and no body bid
me welcome ; so Ile depart as abruptly with-
out taking leave, and bid no body fare-well.

Merc. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd argu-
ments,

Vrge vain pretences, whilst your Actions plead,

And with a silent importunity

Awake the drouse Iustice of the gods

To crown your deeds with immortality.

The growing Titles of your Ancestors,

These Nations glorious Acts, joyn'd to the stock

Of your own Royall vertues, and the clear

Reflex they take from th' imitation

Of your fam'd Court, make Honours story full,

And have to that secure fix'd stare advanc'd

Both you and them, to which the labouring world,

Wading through streames of blood sweats to aspire,

Those ancient Worthies of these famous Isles,

That long have slept, in fresh and lively shapes

Shall strair appear, where you shall see your self

Circled with modern Heroes, who shall be

In Act, what ever elder times can boast,

Noble

Noble, or Great ; as they in Propheſie
 Were all but what you are. Then ſhall you ſee
 The ſacred hand of bright Eternity
 Would you to Stars, and fixe you in the Sphere,
 To you, your Royall half, to them ſhee'll oyn
 Such of this traine, as with induſtrious ſteps
 In the fair prints your vertuous feet have made,
 Though with unequall paces, follow you.
 This is decreed by *Jove*, which my returne
 Shall ſee perform'd, but firſt behold the rude
 And old Abiders here, and in them view
 The point from which your full perfections grew.
 You naked, ancient, wild Inhabitants,
 That breath'd this Ayre, and preſt this flowry Earth,
 Come from thoſe ſhades where dwells eternall night,
 And ſee what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas, and the Sphere vaniſhed, and a new
 Scene appeares of mountaines, whoſe eminent
 height exceed the Clouds which paſt beneath
 them, the lower parts were wild and woody:
 out of this place comes forth a more grave An-
 timaſque of Piets, the natuall Inhabitants of
 this Iſle, ancient Scots and Iriſh, theſe dance a
 Perica or Martiall dance.

When this Antimaſque was paſt, there began
 to ariſe out of the earth the top of a hill, which
 by little and little grew to bee a huge mountain
 that covered all the Scene; the under part of this
 was wild and craggy, and above ſomewhat more
 pleaſant and flouriſhing: about the middle part
 of this Mountain were ſeated the three King-
 domes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; all
 richly attired in regall habits, appropriated to the
 ſeverall Nations, with Crowns on their heads, &
 each

Each of them bearing the ancient Armes of the kingdoms they there presented: At a distance above these sat a young man in a white embroidered robe, upon his fair hair an Olive Garland, with wings at his shoulders, and holding in his hand a Cornucopia fill'd with corn and fruits, representing the Genius of these kingdoms.

The first Song.

GENIUS.

Raise from these rockie cliffs your bonds,
Brave Somers, and see where Glory spreads
Her glittering wings, where Majesty
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
Diffuse joy, where good and Fair
Vindict sit in Honours Chayr.
Call forth your aged Priests, and chrystall streams,
To warm their hearts, and waves in these bright
beames.

KINGDOMES.

From your consecrated woods
Holy Druids, & Silver floods,
From your channels fringed with flowers,
Hither move, for sake your honours,
Strew'd with blossomed Obergileous,
Deck'd with flags and fadgic flowers,
And behold a wonder: I suppose
What den your dulle eyes see any?

CHO.

CHORVS OF DEVIDS
and RIVERS

See at once in dead of night
Sun appear, and yet a bright
day, springing from Star-light.

GENIVS

Up, and see the darkened Sphere
Girded of light, her eyes shine there.

CHORVS

These are more sparkling than those were.

KINGDOMES

These shed a nobler influence,
These by a pure Intelligence
Of more transcendent Virtus move,
These first feel, then kindle Love,
From the bosomes they inspire
These receive a mutuall fire;
And where their flames impure return,
These can quench as well as burn.

GENIVS

Have the fair victorious eyes
Take the worth only Beauties prize,
Here the hand of Virtue
After the old British
Cassius thy worthy Vassals reign,
And none here but the slain.



*These are th' Hesperian bowers, whose fair trees bear
Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon near.*

GENIVS.

*Then, from your imprisoning womb,
which is the cradle and the tomb
Of Brittish worthies (fair sonnes) send
A troop of Heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden grave,
And gather the ripe fruits of Love.*

KINGDOMS.

*I. sing, Open thy stony Entrails wide,
And break old Atlas, that the pride
Of three fam'd kingdoms may be spy'd.*

CHORVS.

*Pace forth thou mighty Brittish Hercules,
with thy choyce band, for only thou and these,
May revell here, in Loves Hesperides,*

At this the under part of the Rock opens;
and out of a Cave are scene to come the Mas-
quers richly attyred like ancient Heroes, the Co-
lours yellow, embroydered with silver, their
antique Helmes curiously wrought, and great
plumes on the top; before them a troop of
young Lords and Noble-mens sonnes, bearing
Torches of Virgin-wax, these were apparelled
after the old Brittish fashion in white Coats,
embroydered with silver, girt, and full gather-
red, cut square collar'd; and round caps on their
heads

heads, with a white feather wreathen about them; first these dance with their lights in their hands: After which, the Masquers descend into the room, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appears in the further part of the heaven comming down a Pleasant Cloud, bright and transparent, which comming softly down-wards before the upper part of the mountaine, embraceth the *Genius*, but so as through it all his body is seen; and then rising again with a gentle motion beares up the *Genius* of the three kingdomes, and being past the *Airy Region*, pierceth the heavens, and is no more seen: At that instant the Rock with the three kingdomes on it sinks, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration, but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height could come from under the Stage, which was but six foot high.

The second Song.

KINGDOMS.

1. **H**ere are shapes form'd fit for heaven,
2. **T**hose move gracefully and even,
3. **H**ere the Ayre and paces meet
 So just, as if the skilfull feet
 Had struk the Vials. 1. 2. 3. So the Ear
 Might the tunefull footing hear.

CHO.

CHORVS.

*And had the Musick stent been,
The eye a moving time had seen.*

GENIVS.

*These must in the unpeopled skie
Succeed, and govern Destinies,
Love is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
These glorious lights. I must ascend
And help the work.*

KINGDOMES.

1. *We cannot lend
Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay,
But rendering what it takes away.
Why should they that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?*

CHORVS.

*Or be to one eternall posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide?*

GENIVS.

*Love shall not, to enrich the Skie,
Beggard the Earth; their Fame shall fly
From hence alone, and in the Sphere
Kindle new Stars, whilst they rest here.*

KINGDOMES.

1.2.3. *How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
Yet hit the mark?*

GENIVS.

*Did not the River**Eridanus, the grace acquiring**In Heaven and Earth to flow,**Above in streames of golden fire,**In silver waves below?*

KINGDOMES.

1.2.3. *But shall not we, now thou art gone
 who wert our Nature, wither?
 Or break that triple Union
 which thy soul held together?*

GENIVS.

*In Concords pure immortall Spring**I will my force renew,**And a more asſive Vertue bring**At my return. Adieu.*KINGDOMES *adieu.* CHORVS *adieu.*

The Masquers dance their maine dance; which done, the Scene againe is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, cleane differing from all the other, the nearest part shewing a delicious Garden with severall walkes and perterras set round with low trees, and on the sides against these walkes, were fountaines and grots, and in the furthest part a Palace, from whence went high walkes upon Arches, and above them open Terraces planted with Cypressie trees, and all this to-

gether was composed of such Ornaments as might expresse a princely Villa.

From hence the *Chorus* descending into the room, goes up to the State.

The third Song.

By the *Chorus*, going up to the Queen!

WHilst thus the Darlings of the gods,
From Honours, Temple to the Shrine
Of beauty, and these sweet abodes
Of Love, we guide, let thy Divine
Aspects (Bright Deity) with fair
And Halcyon beames, becalm the Ay,

wee bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
St. George himsele (great Queen) to you,
You'll soone discern him; and we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round Table Knight, as ever-fought
For Lady, to each Beauty brought.

Plant in their Martiall hands, war's seat,
Your peacefull pledges of warm snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat
In Loves known language, tales of woe;
Say, in soft whispers of the Palm,
As eyes shoot darts, so Lips shed Balm.

For though you seem like Captives, led
In triumph by the Foe away,
Yet on the Conquerors neck you tread,
And the fierce Victor proves your prey;
What heart is then secure from you,
That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

The

The Song done they retire, and the Masquers dance the Revels with the Ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The Revels being past, and the Kings Majestie seated under the State by the Queene: for conclusion to this Masque there appeares coming forth from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great clond, which arriving at the middle of the heaven, stayeth; this was of severall colours, and so great, that it covered the whole Scene. Out of the further part of the heaven begins to breake forth two other clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered there appeared sitting in one of them, *Religion*, *Truth*, and *Wisedome*, *Religion* was apparelled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light vaile, in one hand a Booke, and in the other a flame of fire. *Truth* in a Watchet Robe, a Sunne upon her fore-head, and bearing in her hand a Palme. *Wisedome* in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rayes about her head, and *Apollo's* Cithera in her hand. In the other cloud sate *Concord*, *Government*, and *Reputation*. The habit of *Concord* was Carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of sticks bound together, and on the top of it a Hart, and a Garland of corne on her head: *Government* was figured in a coat of Armour, bearing a shield: and on it a *Medusa's* head; upon her head a plumed helme, and in her right hand a lance. *Reputation*, a young man in a

purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurell wreath on his head. These being come downe in an equall distance to the middle part of the Ayr, the great Cloud began to break open, out of which broke beames of light; in the midst suspended in the Ayr, sat *Eternity* on a Globe, his Garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with starrs of gold, and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a circle, with his tayl in his mouth. In the firmament about him, was a troop of fifteen stars, expressing the stellifying of our Brittain Heroes; but one more great and eminent than the rest, which was over his head, figured his Majestie. And in the lower part was seen a farre off the prospect of *Windson Cattle*, the famous seat of the most honourable Order of the Garter.

The fourth Song.

Eternity, Eusebia, Alethia, Sophia, Homonoia, Dicæarche, Euphemia.

ETERNITIE.

BEe fix'd you rapid Orbes, that bear
The changing seasons of the year
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepid spheres grown dark and cold;
Nor did I ye quench her fires, these bright
Flames have eclips'd her sullen light:
This Royall Payr, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still:
Since Good is here so perfect, as no worth
Is left for After-Ages to bring forth.

EUSEBIA,

(213)

EVSEBIA

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeale, the gods adore.

ALETHIA

My Truths, from humane eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA]

Nor doe their actions, from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.

HOMONOIA

And as their own pure Soules entwinn'd,
So are their Subjects hearts combin'd.

DICÆARCHE

So just, so gentle in their sway,
As it seemes Empire to obey.

EVPHEMIA

And their fair Fame, like incense burn'd
On Altars bath perfum'd the world.

S O. wisdom. A L. Truth. EVS. Pure A-
doration.

H O. Concord. DI. Rule. EUP. Cleare Repu-
tation.

CHORVS.

Crowne this King, this Queen, this Nation.

O 4

CHO.

(214)

CHORVS.

Wisedome, Truth, &c.

ETERNITIE.

Brave Spirits, whose aduentrous feet
Have to the Mountaines top aspir'd,
Where fair Desert, and Honour meet,
Here, from the toyling Presse retr'd,
Secure from all disturbing Evil,
For ever in my Temple reult.

With wreathes of stars circled about,
Gild all the spacious Firmament,
And smiling on the panting Rout,
That labour in the steep ascent,
With your resistlesse influence guide
Of humane change the incert ain tide.

EV S. ALE. SOP.

But oh you Royall Turtles, shed,
When you from Earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,
Those sacred seeds of Love.

CHORVS.

which no Power can but yours dispence,
Since you the pattern bear from hence.

HOM. DIC. EVR.

Then from your fruitfull race shall flow
Endlesse succession
Scepters shall bud, and Laurels blow
About their Immortall Throne.

CHO.

(215)
CHORVS.

*Propitious stars shall crown each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the Earth.*

The Song ended, the two clouds, with the persons sitting on them, ascend; the great cloud closeth againe, and so passeth away overthwart the Scène; leaving behind it nothing but a Serene sky. After which the Masquers dance their last dance, and the curtain was let fall.

The Names of the Masquers.

The Kings Majesty.

<i>Duke of Lenox.</i>	<i>Lord Fielding.</i>
<i>Earle of Devonshire.</i>	<i>Lord Digby.</i>
<i>Earle of Holland.</i>	<i>Lord Dungarvin.</i>
<i>Earle of Newport.</i>	<i>Lord Danluce.</i>
<i>Earle of Elgin.</i>	<i>Lord Wharton.</i>
<i>Viscount Grandefon.</i>	<i>Lord Paget.</i>
<i>Lord Rich.</i>	<i>Lord Saltine</i>

The names of the young Lords and Noble-
mens Sonnes.

<i>Lord Walden.</i>	<i>Mr. Thomas Howard</i>
<i>Lord Cranborne.</i>	<i>Mr. Thomas Egerton.</i>
<i>Lord Brackley.</i>	<i>Mr. Charles Cavendish</i>
<i>Lord Shandos.</i>	<i>Mr. Robert Howard.</i>
<i>Mr. William Herbert.</i>	<i>Mr. Henry Spencer.</i>

The first of these was the...

The page ended the two clouds with the...
the first cloud...
the second cloud...
the third cloud...

The Names of the Nobles

- | | |
|---------|---------|
| Lord... | Lord... |
| Lord... | Lord... |
| Lord... | Lord... |
| Lord... | Lord... |
| Lord... | Lord... |
| Lord... | Lord... |
| Lord... | Lord... |
| Lord... | Lord... |
| Lord... | Lord... |
| Lord... | Lord... |

The Names of the Young Lords and Noble...

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Mr. Thomas Howard | Mr. William Howard |
| Mr. Thomas Howard | Mr. William Howard |
| Mr. Thomas Howard | Mr. William Howard |
| Mr. Thomas Howard | Mr. William Howard |
| Mr. Thomas Howard | Mr. William Howard |
| Mr. Thomas Howard | Mr. William Howard |
| Mr. Thomas Howard | Mr. William Howard |
| Mr. Thomas Howard | Mr. William Howard |
| Mr. Thomas Howard | Mr. William Howard |
| Mr. Thomas Howard | Mr. William Howard |

Tis for
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To his mistress.

G Rieve not my *celia*, but with hast
Obey the fury of thy fate,

'Tis some perfection to waste
Discreetly out our wretched state,
To be obedient in this sence,
Will prove thy vertue, though offence:

1. Who knowes but destiny may relent,
For many miracles have bin,
Thou proving thus obedient
To all the griefs she plungd thee in?
And then the certainty she meant
Reverted is by accident.

2. But yet I must confesse tis much
When we remember what hath bin,
Thus parting never more to touch
To let eternall absence in,
Though never was our pleasure yet
So pure, but chance distracted it.

4. What, shall we then submit to fate,
And dye to one anothers love?
No, *celia*, no, my soul doth hate
Those Lovers that inconstant prove,

Fate

Fate may be cruell, but if you decline,
 The cryme is yours, and all the glory mine.
 Fate and the Planets sometymes bodies part,
 But Canker'd nature onely alters th' heart

In praise of his Mistris

1. **Y**ou, that will a wonder know,
 Goe with me,

Two suns in a heaven of snow
 Both burning bee,

All they fire, that but eye them,
 Yet the snow's unmelted by them;

2. Leaves of Crimfon Tulips met
 Guide the way

Where two pearly rowes be set
 As white as day

When they part themselves asunder
 She breathes Oracles of wonder.

3. Hills of Milk with Azure mix'd
 Swell beneath,

Waving sweetly, yet still fix'd,

While she doth breath,

From

From those hills descends a valley
Where all fall, that dare to dally.

As fair Pillars under-stand

Statues two,

Whither than the Silver swan

That swims in *Poe*;

If at any tyme they move her

Every step begets a Lover.

All this but the Casket is

Which conteynes

Such a Jewell, as the misse

Breeds endlesse paynes;

That's her mind, and they that know it

May admire, but cannot show it

To *Celia*, upon Love's Vbiquity.

As one that strives, being sick, and sick to death

By changing places, to preserve a breath,

A tedious restless breath, removes and tryes

A thousand roomes, a thousand policyes,

To cozen payne, when he thinks to find ease,

At last he finds all change, but his disease,

So (like a Ball with fire and powder fill'd)
 I restless am, yet live, each minute kild,
 And with that moving torture must retain
 (With change of all things else) a constant payn.
 Say I stay with you, presence is to me
 Nought but a light, to shew my miserie,
 And parting are as Rackes, to plague love on,
 The further stretchd, the more affliction.
 Goe I to *Holland*, *France*, or furthest *Inde*,
 I change but onely Countreys not my mind.
 And though I passe through ayr and water free,
 Despair and hopelesse fate still follow me,
 Whilest in the bosome of the waves I reel
 My heart I'll liken to the tottering keel,
 The sea to my own troubled fate, the wind
 To your disdayn, sent from a soul vnkind :
 But when I list my sad lookes to the skyes,
 Then shall I think I see my *Gelia's* eyes,
 And when a Cloud or storm appears between,
 I shall remember what her frownes have been.
 Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,
 All things but make me mind my business, you.
 The good things that I meet I think streames be
 From you the fountain, but when bad I see
 How vile and cursed is that thing thinke I,
 That to such goodnes is so contrary?

My whole life is bout you, the Center starre,
 But a perpetuall Motion Circular;
 I am the dyalls hand, still walking round, 1
 You are the Compasse, and I never found
 Beyond your Circle, neyther can I shew
 Ought, but what first expressed is in you.
 That wheresoever my teares doe cause me move;
 My fate still keepes me bounded with your love;
 Which ere it dye, or be extinct in me,
 Time shall stand still, and moist waves flaming be,
 Yet, being gon, think not on me, I am
 A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name;
 But when I dye, and with all comforts given,
 Ile think on you, and by you think on heaven;

FINIS.

The Songs and Dialogue
of this Booke were fet with
apt Tunes to them, by Mr.
Henry Lawes, one of His
Majesties Musicians.

FINIS

Mr. H.

ter, suis est: Et in aliis profecto causis, tum maxime clara ac ma-
nifesta, cum iam nullis aliis videretur causis, quod reddamus.

The Songs and Dialogues
in this Booke were set with
apt Tunes to them by Mr
Henry Labor, one of the
His Majesties Musicians.

nam aut esse, aut fieri videmus, ultra illud totum genus. Exitus enim finisque ultimus in causa investigatione, hac demum ratione inuenitur. Exempli causa, cur venerit quispiam, causa est, ut pecuniam accipiat: tum huius ratio est, ut se ad alieno liberet rursus huius causa est, ne quam alteri iniuriam faciat. Et quidem cum hoc modò causas ex causis persequimur, si quando eò perueniamus, ut iam non ob aliam causam, nec alterius rei gratia fieri aliquid videamus, tum id ipsum, finem esse cur venerit, dicimus: aut cur aliud quippiam vel sit vel fiat, tumque maxime quamobrem venerit, nos scire putamus. Quòd si est eadem ratio in causis omnibus, & per se eademque affectio in omnibus questionibus, quæ quamobrem quæque res sit inquirunt: est autem illa quæ diximus certissima ratio sciendi, in iis rebus in quibus causa quæ investigatur, finis est: & in aliis profectò causis, tum maxime clara ac manifestis, ubi autem causa nulla erit, prior causa, quæ reddamus.

ARIST. POSTERIORVM

est demonstratio, per quam simul multa cognoscitur, quam quæ
vnius tantum rei adfert cognitionem. At qui percepto toto genere,
simul quod in parte est intelligitur: qui verò hoc nouit, non etiam
vniuersum genus habet perspectum: hac igitur ratione necessariò
occurrit, optabiliorem esse illam demonstrationem. Sed etiam il-
lud hoc pacto confirmari potest: nil enim est res magis generales,
quæque latius patent, scire, quam per illud mediũ rem nosse, quod
ad initia propius accedit: illud autem quod proximum est à pri-
mo, nullo medio est ab illo separatum, quod quidẽ est ipsum prin-
cipium. Si igitur est ea accuratior demonstratio quæ ex principis
constat, quam quæ non constat, aut verò quæ ex iis componitur
quæ magis principia sunt, ea est potior quæ continentur illa quæ
à principiorum appellatione magis sunt remota. Est autem prio-
ris illius generis demonstratio de toto genere, perfectò necesse est
De sic multo præstantior, cuiuslibet generis probatio, etiam si
quædam præstantior sit, quam quæ alterum. Sed sunt quæ de
tio quæ illud medium sumat, quam quæ dialecticæ. Nunc
ex iis rationibus quæ adductæ sunt, nonnullæ dialecticæ.